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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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IN THE HIGHER BOHEMIA.

ACCEDING to the wishes of a number of persons who enjoyed the anonymous serial that ran through the MIRROR this summer, the publisher of this paper will issue shortly an attractive edition of that remarkable novel,

"THE IMITATOR."

The book is generally understood to be a key novel; that is, the characters chiefly figuring in the story are supposed to be thinly disguised portraits of distinguished, conspicuous, or notorious public personages. In this case a startling study of a society celebrity is supposed to be an analysis, or rather a merciless vivisection, of that weird and wonderful creature, Harry Lehr, whose antics have long amused and amazed the swell set of Gotham. A presentation, in this book, of a society novelist is guessed by the initiated to have reference particularly to the individuality of the distinguished Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, once of Chicago. But probably the most poignantly interesting treatment of an involved, intricate, unexpected and peculiar individuality is that of the great actor whose personality is temporarily usurped by the hero of the novel. There is a depth to this study that is wonderful. The character is that of a man singularly like Mr. Richard Mansfield, and in its delineation the most satisfactory of all

attempts to explain the mystery that is Mansfield is made by the author. The three living personages thus analyzed are public characters and the public will be interested to see the hidden springs of their being revealed. Aside from these character studies, the story-satire is full of clever, searching, smart criticism upon society, art, the stage, literature. There are several passages of love-making that are done in the finest style of the epigrammatic mood. All in all, THE IMITATOR is such a novel as has not been written before in this country. It is excessively up-to-date, and its tone is exactly that of the mad, antic world of the higher Bohemia, where Society and Letters and Art mix in a strange hodge-podge of brilliantly exotic artificiality.

Needless to say that the workmanship in the book-making will be of the best and up to the superior quality of the story-satire itself. The author chooses for the present, at least, to remain anonymous.

DISLOYALTY TO THE FAIR.

BY W. M. R.

CRITICISM of any kind, even the mildest, directed against the World's Fair management is stigmatized, by the criticized, as "disloyalty to the Fair." It's a wonder the Fair moguls don't call it "anarchy." Nevertheless those criticisms which have been directed against the Fair management in the MIRROR have the approval of this community as a whole, and about the only dissent therefrom, aside from that of the criticized, is to the effect that the criticism has not been strong enough.

This community simply will not stand for a continuance of the sort of management that gives up \$15,000 of the people's money to a political boss, ostensibly that he might stuff through the Charter Amendments, only to find that there was no need for ballot-box stuffing to carry the amendments. Subscribers to the local fund of \$5,000,000, the tax-payers who will have to pay the special \$5,000,000 bond issue, Congress that appropriated \$5,000,000 for the Fair did not contemplate that any part of the money should be expended in open and notorious bribery and corruption. If to say this be "disloyalty to the World's Fair," then the MIRROR is "disloyal."

When the World's Fair movement, with its corollary of New St. Louis, is made the cloak for great jobs to "shave" the tax bills against private property for the benefit of contractors; when public spirit is urged as the motive for the acquisition of cement works, quarries, gravel beds, etc., in order to dispose of their product to the city and the World's Fair management, those who enter upon such schemes are simply predatory promoters, and if to expose their "philanthropy" and show it up for what it really is be "disloyalty" then the MIRROR is glad to be "disloyal." The people's money should not be made the basis of vast "snaps" from which a few may make fortunes. When a railroad project in which the President of the World's Fair is heavily interested secures the earliest "cinch" in the matter of permission to penetrate the grounds and therefore to handle all the freight incidental to World's Fair construction, the stroke of business seems, to the present writer, to be a "job" for the benefit of a few insiders and a scheme to make a heavy rake-off for individuals by virtue of their position as representatives of the subscribing public.

When the World's Fair magnates get together outside of the Fair meetings, and organize a syndicate to gobble up all the good corners that are procurable in the center of the city from Kingshighway to Third street, that is a certain form of business genius, but there is absolutely no reason why anyone should "keep his head shut" about such a deal simply because the men who are interested in it are identified with the World's Fair movement. There is no neces-

sary connection between loyalty to the World's Fair and a sycophantic support of every scheme that is now, or may be later, sprung upon the community by those who are in the World's Fair movement and conducting large private operations "on the side," based upon the advantage of foreknowledge of events gained through official connection with the Fair.

The "great" local dailies, the editors and proprietors and managers of which are taken into the World's Fair, and, possibly, into some of the ventures "on the side," may feel bound to support the Fair magnates in everything public and private, from Alpha to Omega and from "soda to hock." The "great" dailies are very complaisant to the demands of the business interests and are only too anxious to see, as they are told to see, a measure of public benefit in every side issue in which the World's Fair bosses are investing their money. Nevertheless, while the MIRROR delights to see an acceleration of business activity consequent upon the Fair movement, the MIRROR cannot see that it is the duty of a public journal to insist that, because some men of means are Fair directors, every scheme in which such directors may interest themselves for profit growing out of the Fair incidentally should be enthusiastically approved or at least accepted in silence on the theory that comment thereupon "will injure the Fair." The Fair was not organized for the financial benefit of the directors or associates "tipped off" as to future developments by directors. The Fair was not conceived to make a foundation for large realty deals or contracting jobs, or railroad booms, or for lining the purses of political bosses. Loyalty to the Fair does not demand that we should all "keep mum" about everything that any Fair magnate may do for his financial profit, largely upon the strength of his identification with the Fair.

Nor can the MIRROR subscribe to the theory that loyalty to the Fair implies the suppression of comment upon perfectly patent defects in the conduct of the Fair proper. If things have come to such a pass that work is blocked at the head of the organization, it is manifestly a service to the enterprise for some one to say so. If it has come to pass that all the subordinate heads of committees or of departments must submit their purposes and plans to the President, before they can proceed to the accomplishment of such plans and purposes, and if, when all those plans and purposes are submitted, they simply accumulate in a vast heap and cannot be developed into action owing to the President's inability to get at the work, it is time for something to be done that will save the President from being overwhelmed with the mass of undisposed-of business. That such a state of things prevails in the office of the President the MIRROR is informed from trustworthy sources. That there is complaint strenuous and general over the manner in which progress is impeded at the top of the organization is a fact as plain as the existence of the Fair project. President Francis is a man of energy and ability and the most exalted intention. No one disputes such a proposition, but President Francis is too ambitious to do everything, too disinclined to let go his hold upon any string, too unready to get anything off his hands by delegating it to some one else. He performs wonders, so far as his performances go, but he cannot do everything and especially he cannot do everything at once. This tendency to attempt the universal results quite naturally in a dissipation of energy. It eventuates in a condition in which the affairs of the organization are all only partially advanced while none is wholly completed, tied up and put to one side. Before the projects of one department are determined upon in their detail, the projects of another are up for consideration; there's a dip into one, a dab at another, a peck at still another and the sum total of the tentative work is that every head of a department or committee is

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left waiting for definite and definitive action and resting upon his oars. The President of the World's Fair who wants to hold all the strings and at the same time cover the whole country and attend all the banquets, simply cannot do it. His efforts to do so keep too much work waiting upon him, and this condition of affairs is in no wise bettered by the temperamental peculiarities of the gentleman in question. The President is a strong man in many ways, but he is too politic, too cautious, too sensitive to criticism. He remains too long in hesitation between different causes and different interests, puts off decision until some time when, as he hopes, decision will, possibly, not mean the disappointment of some one. This temperamental dilatoriness is so pronounced that it is made the basis of accusation, by his enemies, that he is more concerned about the consequences of his action to his own interests, presumably political, than about their effect upon the Fair. When a high official will neither shoot nor drop the gun, and when the liking of his associates for him personally, precludes possibility of their telling him the truth about his methods as an official, it is not to be wondered at that the congestion of affairs at the head of the organization results in stagnation all the way down the line. The plain truth is that President Francis has gathered to himself such an amount of work, such a multiplicity of duties that it is beyond the power of any man to attend to them all promptly and decisively. He is wearing himself out on details and without getting any particular set of details finally and absolutely out of the way.

The remedy for this state of affairs would seem to be plain. It is that there should be appointed small special committees to take hold of the accumulated detail, masticate it, digest it and present it finally to the President in such finished shape that all the action called for would be not more than a nod or shake of the head, yes or no. If this plan were adopted there might not be so many heads of departments throwing up their hands helplessly when questioned as to the status of this or that suggestion, and not so many chairmen of department committees threatening to resign unless their reports are rescued soon from various pigeon-holes.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that while the MIRROR may differ with President Francis in his public courses it recognizes not only his manifold abilities but his pronouncedly agreeable personal traits, and this statement of this paper's opinion of his direction of World's Fair matters is no more condemnatory of the man than may be implied in reiterating that the President has undertaken more work than any one man on earth, of his diffusive, scattering methods, could accomplish. The President should be relieved of the burden of detail, and in fact the entire work would progress more rapidly if all along the line there were a more general allowance for the play of individuality, with a corresponding delegation of minor responsibility among the members of the directory. The heads of committees, in all human probability, would work better, at least with more satisfaction to themselves, if they were not made to feel quite so acutely that they are only clerks or messenger boys. That they do feel that way is clear to anyone who will listen to their whispered complaints. They are afraid to lay themselves open to the charge of "disloyalty," but the more their criticism is suppressed, the more their dissatisfaction tends to become disloyalty.

There is no doubt that the Fair work lags. There is no doubt that in one important particular there is woful lethargy—in the matter of advertising the Fair. Nor is there reason to doubt that the delay in the matter of interesting foreign countries in the Fair operates to render unlikely the opening of the Fair in 1903. As for the work in this country, it must be remembered that there are a great many of the States, expected to be represented at the Fair, which cannot possibly make appropriations to that end until the 1903 meetings of their Legislatures. When a gentleman, the largest individual contributor to the Fair, calls attention to these facts and suggests postponement he is choked off. Yet the facts of the situation are not to

be escaped and the Fair cannot avoid postponement save by miracles of energy in a brief time. The opening of the Fair in May, 1903, would be much more assured if there were less evidence that the work of the management is blocked and stagnant. The prompt opening of the Fair would be a certainty if some steps were taken to bring public opinion to bear upon the settlement of conflicting issues between the local management and the members of the National Commission. In this conflict of authority, the existence of which is ignored by the press, at the dictation of the local management, there is a succession of temporary compromises that develop still other causes of difference, and those differences being suppressed and made "lodge secrets" tend all the time to become hampering to the work in hand. Those differences are being evaded and left unsettled when the very best thing that could happen would be a thorough ventilation of them and a letting in of light upon the Star Chamber wrangles. This matter of the divergence of opinion as to authority and rights of supervision between the National Commission and the local management is one of those in which the delay in "bringing matters to a showdown" is unfortunate. Politic dalliance, "jollyng" and postponement of threatening unpleasantness are not the methods by which the differences are to be adjusted; at least those methods have been tried for something like five months and the differences are growing worse instead of better. It would seem to be about time for a final settling of the disputes as to authority and the easiest way to that end would be through a submission of the facts of the situation to the President of the United States, since decisions by Cabinet officers do not seem to have the effect of finality with the more "practical" of the politicians upon the National Commission. Perhaps these references to issues between the National Commission and the local management are still more "disloyalty to the Fair," but the mim-mouthered loyalists are the persons whose attitude of unreasonable reverence for the wisdom of the local magnates is responsible for these conditions that impede the Fair's progress. The gagged local dailies are encouraging the continuance of conditions hostile to a quickening of work. When nothing can be said for fear of displeasing the magnates, when the magnates are placed above criticism, when the press is deaf and dumb and blind to any defect of method in Fair management, that is not true "loyalty" to the Fair. It is only fawning sycophancy before the prominent citizen, only business parasitism. It only confirms and perpetuates and strengthens mistakes. Such "loyalty" is only slavish acceptance of the infallibility of others. It is another name for cowardice, for the poltroonery that dreads to differ with the men who are "on top," for fear that those potent personages may be so displeased as to withhold business or social approval from their critics. The World's Fair doesn't belong to the directors, but to the people of St. Louis, of the Purchase, of the Nation. The managers of the Fair are servants of the people and legitimate objects of honest criticism. They are not nobles entitled to a "loyalty" that flatters their errors as marks of genius. They deserve only such support as their actual merit should evoke. Loyalty to the Fair demands that we hold its managers to strict accountability for their every action in the conduct of an enterprise in which every citizen has a stake.

REFLECTIONS.

A Short Message

THE prophets and prognosticators are wearying us by forecasts of the contents of the forthcoming message from President Roosevelt. Their intimations are highly interesting, chiefly by virtue of the fact that they know nothing about the subject. Only one thing the President has promised as to the message, and that is that it will be short. For this, we all can thank him, regardless of our political predilections. A message that a citizen can read without taking half a day off to do so, will have more effect in forming public opinion as to the President's policies than anything else that could be imagined. If the President

makes his message short, we may be sure he will make it sharp as well, but while he will say what he means we need not look for a panic as a result of his utterance. President Roosevelt is not going to write a message to help the stock gamblers "make a killing."

Gorman and Hill

THE Gorman boom for the Democratic Presidential nomination is preposterous. Gorman is no kind of Democrat that anybody ever heard of. He is simply a slick politician who might as well be labeled Republican as Democrat. He does not appear to have faith in, or hope for, any principle. His idea of statesmanship consists in getting hold of the offices for the boys and looking out for the interests that flourish by means of Government help. Gorman is even more of a peanut politician than David Bennett Hill, even more of a trickster. Hill has some principles that are democratic. Gorman is an oligarchist up and down and all around. Hill is cleaner than Gorman in every way he may be looked at. He has less of the unpleasant characteristics of the boss. He believes in something outside the machine. Gorman does not. Neither man could command the unqualified support of the Democracy as we know it to-day. Neither man is trusted either by gold Democrats or silver Democrats. Neither man can be elected, under the circumstances. The next Democratic nominee for President will be some "discovery" not now in evidence.

The Rand for Peace

"THERE are increasing signs," says a London cablegram, "that heavy pressure is being brought to bear upon the dominant factors in the British government, by a powerful section of those interested in South African finance, to come to a settlement with the Boers. J. B. Robinson, the well-known gold magnate, is taking a leading part in this movement, the primary object of which is to protect vested interests of the Rand capitalists." The Uitlander capitalists of the Transvaal are frightened because, as is well known, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised that the Rand shall be made to contribute a share of the war expenses, and it is evident that the longer the war lasts the heavier will be the call on those who have most at stake in the South African gold mines. The Rand gang is worried for fear that the tax to be levied upon it will be something to stagger the mining enterprises there. Therefore the Rand crowd is beginning to call for peace at almost any cost, as the sooner the war is over, the less the syndicate will have to pay. The Rand should be milked heavily by the tax-collectors. The Rand precipitated the war and has made England spend hundreds of millions of dollars to gain the ends of the Rand speculators. The Rand will reap the earliest and richest rewards of pacification of the Transvaal. The Rand will have everything in sight that can be turned into wealth, while the rest of the people, if any are to be left, will be reduced to penury. Why should not the Rand pay the bill, and pay it promptly? The British government could not do a better thing to re-establish its waning prestige than make the mine owners of the Transvaal pay for their great game. It would do much to quiet the dissatisfaction of the people over the conduct and the duration of the war. The mining magnates may or may not have influence with the British government to bring about an adjustment with the Boers, but, in any event, the war is primarily their war, for their protection and aggrandizement, and they should be made to pay for the service they have received, poor though it has been. The Boers are not subdued and will not be for a long time. If they are ready to listen to terms, other than proclamations with a "no-quarter" tinge, the British government cannot do better than accept the offer of the mining magnates to negotiate a peace they shattered in the Jameson raid. The Rand is the only thing left to tax in the devastated region and the members of the Rand, not the people of England, Ireland and Scotland, and the colonies, should be made to pay the expenses of the trouble they precipitated. Of course the dispatch that prompts this article means that the Rand wants the war

ended without having to pay a share for its prosecution. The Rand was for war, as long as the people paid for it. The Rand wants peace when war's expenses threaten to fall on them. The Rand's very anxiety for peace, under the circumstances, shows that it is the chief beneficiary of war, and clinches the proof that the Rand should pay the damages, even after peace shall be declared. The Boers, however, will want no peace, if peace is to mean that the Rand is to be the power in South Africa. The Boers rose first against the Rand. Any peace terms they might accept would have to be terms that would control the power of the mining magnates. Therefore, while the talk of a Rand peace is probably all "in the air," it is consoling to think that, whether there be peace or war, the Rand will have to pay for its experiment in commercial imperialism. And if all England learns that the Rand "runs" the government there may be an end very soon both to the influence of the Rand and the present form of British government.



The Case of Miss Stone

WHAT is matter with the case of Miss Stone, the kidnapped missionary? There is a painful delay in procuring her release. The dickering with the brigands who hold the lady is unworthy of this country. The spectacle of a country like ours waiting on a gang of banditti is not calculated to increase the respect of the European nations for a new world-power. The correct way out of the difficulty would be to pay the demand made by the brigands, secure possession of Miss Stone and then exact reparation in heap measure from the government under which the kidnapping occurred.



Two Wars Compared

ON the evening of November 12th General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., delivered an address at the dinner of the British Schools and Universities Club of New York City. In that speech General Brooke said that Otis, Merritt, McArthur and Chaffee have been doing in the Philippines a duty to God and country similar to that of Kitchener in the Transvaal, that duty being to proclaim freedom and carry republican institutions to all the world. General Brooke said exactly what many people think. But people who think there is a close similarity between Great Britain's course in South Africa and the course of the United States in the Philippine archipelago, only think they are thinking. General Brooke has talked folly. Whatever the merits of the wars compared so often by public speakers and writers, there is no ground for fair comparison. As Mr. T. St John Gaffney puts it, "our troops in the Philippines are not engaged in destroying two pastoral republics, nor in a war on women and children, nor have they put in operation the tactics of Weyer." Mr. Gaffney says that when General Brooke says that "Chaffee and our other brave generals are fighting the same battle as the British for God, freedom and civilization," he utters blasphemy and scandalously insults the American army. Mr. Gaffney further says that General Brooke's address was an act of gross impropriety in that it was a departure from the attitude of strict neutrality, which has been laid down as the guiding principle of our Government in regard to the unfortunate struggle in South Africa. Mr. Gaffney further avers that General Brooke was also guilty of disrespect to the President of the United States at the banquet. He honored the toast of the British King before that of the President. Two dead Queens and the King of England received precedence over the toast of President Roosevelt. The rule is, according to Mr. Gaffney, that the President or sovereign invariably has precedence at public banquets or other functions in the country of which he or she is the head. Mr. Gaffney's position is well taken. General Brooke has "put his foot in it" and will not easily extricate himself, for he spoke as an officer of this Government and not as a private person. General Brooke is a bad historian and a bad logician, to say nothing of a person of bad taste. The United States obtained the Philippines from Spain by purchase. Great Britain is trying to

smash the republics whose independence and autonomy it had guaranteed. The United States is trying to establish order where anarchy exists. Great Britain is trying to extinguish two established governments. The United States method of warfare is, if anything, too considerate of people who are inveterately treacherous. Great Britain wars upon Boer women and children. Great Britain banishes patriots into exile. The United States tries to form a government out of the men who were in arms against it a short time ago. Great Britain is engaged in what at best is a war of destruction. The United States in the Philippines makes war only as a necessary step to construction of authority and order. General Brooke has made a silly blunder and Mr. Gaffney's criticisms of him are not a whit too severe.



Miss Wilkins' Marriage

MISS MARY E. WILKINS, marriage, now reported, again denied, is coming to wear something of the aspect of a continued story in which the denouement is postponed as long as possible. Miss Wilkins now says that she will be married between Thanksgiving and Christmas to Dr. Charles M. Freeman, of Metuchen, N. J., and this will be about the time a new novel by the lady will be issued. The marriage will make a nice little item to call attention to the novel. This is some of that "high New England seriousness of purpose" for which Miss Wilkins has long been noted.



Evolution of the Universe

A WISCONSIN astronomer, Prof. G. W. Ritchey, asserts that his observations of the new star Nova, in the constellation Perseus, have disclosed proof positive of the nebular hypothesis. The sudden flaming forth of this star was the result of a stupendous explosion, and the gaseous exhalations of the explosion are seen to be condensing and spiraling into a nebula. This is announced as a startling discovery, but the minds of La Place and Spencer reasoned the fact out long ago, and still the secret of the universe's evolution is not caught. It must be sought in something above mere matter, in something that has infinitely the quality of the finite minds that reasoned out the nebular hypothesis.



The Wonderful Wink

A CLIPPING now going around the circle of the newspapers announces that a German scientist has measured the time occupied by a wink. He used a specially-arranged photographic apparatus, and fixed a piece of white paper to the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly, and rests a little at the bottom of its movement, after which it rises, but more slowly than it fell. The mean duration of the downward movement was from seventy-five to ninety one-thousandths of a second. The rest with the eye shut lasted different periods, the shortest duration being fifteen-hundredths of a second with one subject, and seventeen-hundredths with another, and the third phase of the wink, the rising of the lid, took seventeen-hundredths of a second, making the entire duration of the wink about forty-hundredths, or four-tenths, of a second. This is of importance to Missourians, for the Governor of Missouri is the champion winker of the universe. Dickery Dockery of Missouri has a wink of meaner duration than anybody. It is his sign of assent, dissent, approval, reprobation, yes and no. It is a facial movement that commits the operator thereof to anything or nothing. It is slick and it is simple. It is ingenuous and it is Machiavellian. It has more than thirty-three phases, and it always "feazes" the beholder. It is the wink of the bibulous Silenus and the coquette of the twilight pave. It is the signal of the prohibitionist hypocrite who would "have a stick in his'n" at the soda fountain. The Dickery Dockery wink goes in lieu of any expression of opinion upon any doubtful issue. It is the one supreme resource of the great statesman who is a platform Democrat, no matter what's the platform. It is his sign of friendship or of hatred. It has more meanings than all the words in the dictionary, less than any one of them, less or more than silence. The Dickery Dockery wink is a shut eye to what its proprietor would not see, an

open eye to what he's looking for. It is a wink that is protean in its changes. It is the manifestation both of *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. It is golden speech and silvern dumbness, the hint of wisdom, the ornament of ignorance, the approval of good, the acceptance of evil. It is all expediency, all deceit, all illusion. No German scientist could measure its meaning or its meaninglessness. It is the most wonderful wink in the world. It is all there is of Dickery Dockery.

Little.



BEN HUR.

THE GREATEST OF ALL RELIGIOUS PLAYS.

PATRONS of the Olympic Theater, this week, have an opportunity to judge of the merits and demerits of William Young's dramatization of General Lew Wallace's world-famous, biblical story, "Ben Hur." The initial performance was given Monday night, before a very large and representative audience, drawn not only from this city, but from all the city's tributary territory. Advertisement had aroused great interest and curiosity and expectations were necessarily high-pitched. When this is the case, disappointment, as a rule, is in order and confidently to be looked for. The Klaw & Erlanger production of "Ben Hur" is, however, a distinct and very remarkable exception to the rule. Monday night's audience was unqualifiedly enthusiastic in its applause and sincere in its approving comment, even if it was not a highly sophisticated assemblage. The consensus of opinion was that "it is one of the finest shows ever produced in St. Louis, and nobody should miss it."

The story is, of course, familiar to everyone. The dramatization follows the original story very closely. This is so markedly the case that many were annoyed and disturbed in their enjoyment of the play by the abominable habit of many in the audience of indulging in rather loud forecasting of scenes and incidents. They are probably of the opinion that such a vulgar, idiotic habit advertises their intellectual up-to-dateness.

The play opens with a prelude, revealing a curtain symbolic of Rome and Jerusalem, and then the meeting of the Three Wise Men in the desert. The celestial guide makes its appearance in the sky "not further up than a hill-top," and contracts "into a focus of dazzling lustre." The prelude is of rare artistic beauty and very impressive. It amply justifies the advice of the management that people should be in their seats at 8 o'clock sharp, to enjoy the unique spectacle.

The first act shows the housetop of *Ben Hur's* palace in Jerusalem. It ends in the falling of the brick from the parapet, which results in *Ben Hur's* being accused of murder, and condemned to the galleys, his former friend, *Messala*, the Roman, thereby venting his hatred and malice on the unfortunate Jewish prince.

In the second act, we see the interior of a Roman galley, and the slaves at their toil. *Arrius*, the Tribune, takes interest in *Ben Hur*, is seized with the suspicion that the Jew has been unjustly accused and sentenced, and, in a burst of generosity, orders that *Ben Hur* shall not be shackled during the battle in which the galley is attacked by the enemy and sunk. *Ben Hur* saves himself and the Tribune.

The third act introduces *Simonides*, a servant or slave, of the Prince of *Hur*, and his daughter, *Esther*, developing the love motive. The second scene of this act gives us a pretty representation of the Grove of Daphne and of the Temple of Apollo, with dances, which are executed in a graceful and charming manner by a bevy of good-looking girls and little children. The classic effect is very well rendered in this scene.

In the fourth act, there is the orchard of palms; preparations are being made for the great chariot-race, *Ben Hur* having determined to enter the contest against his enemy, *Messala*, all his thoughts centered upon revenge against the Roman. Then there is an exceedingly attractive scene of a lake, where *Iras* exercises the arts of Cleopatra and succeeds in fascinating and capturing the Jewish hero by her sensuous charms.

The fifth act reveals the exterior of the Circus at Antioch; there is a horde of Jews entering bets on the races and haggling with the Romans. The second scene gives us the chariot-race. This is the climax of the play, in every respect. It is a thrillingly realistic spectacle. You

The Mirror

readily fall into the illusion that you see a real chariot-race.

In the sixth act, we are again in the Palace of *Hur* at Jerusalem. *Simonides* and his daughter have returned with their master. *Ben Hur* is informed of the fate of his mother and sister. They had been thrown into a dungeon by *Messala*, kept there for years, and finally restored to liberty, when it was ascertained that they had contracted leprosy and were outcasts in the vale of Hinnom. *Ben Hur* is overwhelmed with grief, rushes out of the palace, seeks for his loved ones all night, and finally, weary and distracted, sits down on a rock, in the early morning, and falls asleep. He is visited by his mother and sister, and the faithful servant *Amrah*. All three, then, on the advice of *Amrah*, go to meet the Saviour. The third scene shows Mount Olive; a great crowd of people has assembled to meet the Lord. They sing and wave palm-leaves. The Saviour's appearance is indicated by a shaft of pure white light, which falls upon the afflicted, and they are instantly healed. This is a wonderful scene, and one that will not readily be forgotten. Stage realism has undoubtedly here gained its greatest triumph, and without any sacrifice of dignity in the sublime theme thus mechanically treated.

Ben Hur is impersonated by William Farnum. The role is a difficult one, but well rendered. George Alison, as *Messala*, is excellent, especially in the betting scene, before the circus. He is a decidedly talented actor. Henry Jewett, as *Simonides*, meets expectations, although he is at times inclined to be too melodramatic. The *Iras*, of Sylvia Lynden, cannot be criticised; she is a picture of dazzling beauty. The charming role of *Esther* is ably portrayed by Ella Mortimer. The rest of the company is well up to a high average. Taken all in all, it is a remarkably well-drilled organization.

The incidental music of Edgar Stillman Kelley deserves special mention. It is dignified and very appropriate, and greatly heightens the effect of the play.

The production should be well patronized during its three weeks' stay. It deserves patronage. Even skeptics will be benefited by seeing it. The play may fail to awaken religious belief in them, but it surely will pleasantly renew long forgotten sentiments, ideals and dreams of former days, before their alleged emancipation from faith. Like Pierre Loti, at the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, they may experience a moistening of the eyes, because they can no longer believe and yet would fain return to the old, simple, strong, up-lifting faith of their youth.

F. A. H.

THE YELLOW'S DOINGS.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IT'S too bad that the staid, conservative and self-respecting newspapers have not solved the problem of combining a stirring activity towards public reforms with that masterly poise upon which they pride themselves. The *Yellow Journals'* success seems to be due to the achievement of the first half of that trick.

Another way to put it would be to wonder whether a *Yellow* couldn't do all that it now does for the exposure of sham, for the relief of the sick, the poor, the downtrodden, without fouling its fine deeds with cheap and insincere vituperation, loud and vulgar yawns at private and even sacred things, and venomous tirades that seem to be prompted by an insatiable desire to "raise hell" over everything good, bad and indifferent.

In spite of all the meretricious vulgarities of the self-proud *Yellows* there's something fine about the everlasting activity of them. Sometimes it "gets there" to mistaken and even evil ends; sometimes it encompasses benefits that astonish even its enemies; sometimes it is ridiculous, or offensive, or praiseworthy, but it always "gets there." It is not content to tell about what other people and things are doing; it's doing something itself. What a pity that so much of its "doings" turn out to be either frivolous or bad. Yet there is a measure of justification in its policy, for the *Yellows* contend that it is better to show even a measure of good and big deeds than to rest content doing nothing.

Anyhow it seems to pay from the business office's standpoint.

"Anything doing this morning?" yells the *Yellow* editor the minute he gets past the office boy.

"Not yet," says the city editor looking at his watch apologetically. (It is only 7 A. M.)

"Start something!" shouts the "old man."

And then the local editor metaphorically gets out his ax, summons his Anvil Chorus, and "goes after somebody," or something.

If it happens to be a bad man or a bad institution and the "crusade" wins, the paper will shriek victory in double-leaded editorials and vociferous cartoons. If the quarry happens to be a hawk instead of a heron, if the "crusade" falls down," the paper, from the editor to the copy-boy forgets it, and so does the reading public.

The *Chicago American*, for instance, since its birth (July 4, 1900,) has out-yellowed all the chromest dreams of its forbears. It has fought tax dodgers and forced them to fatten the legal resources of the city, county and State; it has distributed cash and clothes amongst the poor; it sent a special train to Galveston to relieve the victims of the tidal wave; it has fought the gas trust until that usually impersonal thing has "come back" with damage suits that enhanced the prestige of the paper without mulcting it of a cent; it has done a dozen more or less admirable things and perhaps twice as many things not so admirable. If a woman gives birth to quadruplets, the *American* starts a fund for her; if a Zoo monkey gives tokens of empyema, the managing editor sends out a staff surgeon to reset the simian's rib and so on, right or wrong, great or small—anything to make the public know or believe that there's "something doing."

The *Chicago Yellow's* fights on Judge Hanecy of the Circuit court and on the gas trust, though distinct and separate, have come together now in a very spectacular manner. The Judge was first made the object of attack when he ran for Mayor against Carter Harrison. The fight itself was intrinsically political, but the *Yellow*, as usual, wasn't content with "saying things." It detailed a squad of reporters to go to Milwaukee and find out "for sure" whether Judge Elbridge Hanecy's baptismal name was not Paddy Hennessy.

If the paper had rested content with showing that the Judge had simply changed his name it would have hurt the candidate's feelings and chances woefully, but testimony was adduced to the effect that the Milwaukee Hennessys had a record that would not be an honor to the worst of them and might be ruinous to one who strove to rise above the hindering environments of lowly birth and unsavory kinship.

When, in a campaign against the gas trust, the same paper was obliged to go before Judge Hanecy as party of the first part in a mandamus suit to estop the octopus from overcharging its gas-bills, people began to wonder what "Paddy Hennessy" would do to his traducers. Perhaps he didn't do a thing, but His Honor's opinion went against the editorial crusaders, and about ten tierces of crude vitriol were at once injected into the *Yellow* ink-tank.

Homer Davenport, creator of Dollar Mark Hanna, and prize fish-woman of all cartoonists, living or dead, was asked for "something about Judge Hanecy." It arrived in *Chicago* so promptly (Davenport lives in Jersey) that some people suspect it must have been stored among available ammunition long before the "opinion" was even formed. However, the cartoon was printed and it presented the most just and learned Judge in the guise of a combination *Oily Gammon-Uriah Heep*. Snickering in one sleeve, Judge Hanecy was portrayed as holding out his "disengaged" hand in a receptive gesture to the gas-trust plutocrat behind him. About the same time Homer Canfield (everybody in St. Louis knows H. S. Canfield) being then as now the star contributor to the *American*, handed in a piece of reportorial corrosive sublimity anent the gas case that must have eaten into the personal and judicial epidermis of the victim wherever a tender spot had been left uncovered by Mr. Davenport's pictorial blister.

When Judge Hanecy, stung at last in his judicial capacity, summoned Davenport, Canfield, Hearst, and the other editors implicated in his caustication (not castigation), charging them with contempt of court, some people thought that it was "Paddy Hennessy" and not the bench that was after the *Yellows*. However, it was another chance for the latter to "do things" and they did 'em and are still doing 'em. After a fierce combat at legal technicalities which forced every newspaper in the country to give column after column of space to the famous case at law; after winning (or was it just "getting?") about fifty-thousand lines of free advertising from rival papers, the embattled *Yellow* has the poignant joy and grief of seeing Writer Can-

field and City Editor Andrew Lawrence each sentenced to jail for forty days.

What a splendid chance for more yawns! Look at them, the editor and his fearless scribe, literally hurled into a dungeon, dark, damp and cold! For why? pleads the double-leaded editorial.

"For championing the rights of the down-trodden people against the gaseous octopedi!"

Now I think that's mighty fine! Cross my heart, it *does* seem a fine and daisy culmination—but hold on! things probably haven't "culminated" yet. The omnipotent writ of habeas corpus has accomplished the release of Canfield and Lawrence. There will be more lawing, and the papers will groan with news of the "cause celebre."

Meanwhile the *Yellow* gladiator, still afoot, is waving net and trident. There will be doings; there *must* be doings.

"Watch out, Jedge!"

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS.

MAN, THE ARTIFEX.

BY CARLYLE SPENCER.

WHILE there is room for difference of scientific opinion as to the descent of man from the anthropoid ape, there is no room for reasonable dissent from the fact that the same laws which govern the anthropoid ape, govern also the anthropoid man.

That they do govern is the most unmistakable fact of science, as it is of history. The only escape from them lies not through dissent from facts, or protest against them, but through continuous evolution.

The laws of evolution are imperative. They operate either to force progress through life or to disorganize and reconstruct whatever in life obstructs its continuous development into higher and more efficient forms.

The anthropoid ape, living under these laws and conforming to them without obstruction, leads a life of the least possible discomfort, responds to his instincts of survival and reproduction, and dies. The anthropoid man, however, cannot so live without a destructive reaction which would not permit his survival. He is forced by natural law to the point where he can rise above it, and if he refuses to do so, and attempts to govern himself merely by animal instincts, responsive to his environment, under the same natural law which governs the ape, the atavism which is thus given full force in him, will destroy him.

The highest truth of the merely natural laws of evolution is that, when they have had their full effect, and have carried their subject to the point where reasoned consciousness and individual action are possible as a matter of individual choice, they become destructive and work to disorganize him in the measure of his refusal to rise above them. Hence the anthropoid man, existing in communities, is merely a scientific hypothesis. Man, in his extreme reactions, makes it scientifically certain that the anthropoid state was a racial condition, towards which he tends to return under the influence of atavism, but when any community is so governed by its own atavism that its reaction is rapid, all the forces of natural law operate either to check it, to disorganize it and scatter its members to a new environment, or else to destroy it. Hence a typical community, even of the lowest savages, does not exist in the anthropoid state, where the only law governing is that of the struggle for survival under the compulsion of environment. Even in the lowest communities, individuals are found capable of the beginnings of reasoned consciousness, whose example and teachings save the rest from the full effect of the destructive forces of atavism.

Perhaps the most remarkable single fact in the natural history of the human race is, that, what is, in some respects, the highest development of this reasoned consciousness has sometimes been found among peoples who, in the mass, had scarcely begun to develop beyond the first stages of mere animalism.

This seems at first unexplainable, but it seems less so when it is remembered that the whole operation of evolutionary law is to produce the racial type—the highest possible individual of the species, and that the destructive operation of law is to make the evolution of these types more easily possible. Reaction away from and below such types, where they have once appeared in an approximation to perfection, becomes in so much a destructive atavism, whose

destructiveness either checks the reaction or removes the subjects controlled by it.

In considering the approximations to the highest human type which appear under the processes of natural evolution, the most important fact in connection with them is that though natural law compelled the possibility of their appearance, it did not and could not compel its realization. The leading traits by which they are identified are not necessary in the struggle for survival, they do not arise from the reproductive instinct, they are not compelled by environment, and they frequently, if not invariably, place the individual at great disadvantage in the animal struggle to survive.

Yet it is a conclusion not fairly to be avoided that the whole operation of natural law is towards forcing the possibility of such individual types and that natural law only limits its compulsions where this possibility begins to be realized.

Above the anthropoid man and above all that survives in the race from the anthropoid state is Man the Artificer, conscious of himself and conscious to an always increasing extent of a universe with which he is to harmonize himself.

He can realize this consciousness in action only in the measure in which he ceases to be destructive and becomes constructive. A certain amount of constructiveness is compulsory under the laws of survival through struggle. Under these laws he is forced to make a spear and a war-club, but he is not forced to ornament them. He is compelled to make some sort of a shelter for himself from the inclemency of the seasons in a habitat which affords him no cave to hide in. But the limitations of the compulsions of natural law in evolution are soon reached. They do not carry man far beyond the anthropoid state in the struggle for survival, and it is doubtful indeed if they carry him beyond it at all. His progress, after the limitations of the struggle for survival under his environment have been reached, is a matter of his own pleasure, of his own choice and of his own energy in realizing this choice in action.

Man the Artificer, rising above the compulsions of natural law, finds himself in his own limitless universe in which his environment becomes the material through which he is to construct his own growing mind into visible representations of his powers as they develop. When he distracts his attention from killing or struggling to take other advantage of those who occupy his habitat with him and the habitat adjoining his own, he finds that the earth on which he treads will supply him the material for a statue, embodying his highest idea of grace and beauty. He is not compelled to make it, except by the pleasure he takes in indulging a sense of fitness, derived from the order in nature surrounding him. This order impresses on him a sense of limitless powers beyond his own and in his first advance beyond fetish-worship he endeavors to represent this power in rude forms, which it is his pleasure to worship because they stand for his own highest possibilities of achievement at the stage he has reached. He becomes more and more dissatisfied with his own work as he realizes more and more of the order outside of and above it, and from one imperfect and unsatisfactory attempt, he progresses to another until his first rude picture-writing has become an alphabet and created a literature, and his first rude carving, the Apollo Belvidere, as the ideal of his intellect.

Under the processes of evolution, operating for thousands of ages before the first man appeared on earth, the skeletons of animal life, existing in sea-water and precipitated to the bottom, became stone and crystalized into marble, waiting the artificer who can rise above his environment and by its mastery represent his increasing powers of mind in palaces and temples. The great convulsions of nature which overwhelmed lower forms of life whose destructiveness threatened the evolution of higher types, preserve vast stores of power in the carbonized forests which the Artificer Man learns to transmute into force and light. As long as it is his pleasure to use his growing power for constructiveness rather than destructiveness, there is no visible or imaginable limit to his possible mastery of the environment which all the ages of the earth's growth have worked together to create,—not as a restriction on his progress, but as material for his development beyond the compulsions of the law which governs in what is merely the material manifestation of the forces of nature. But when, under any pretext, for any cause, no matter what names of reverence may be given to it, he ceases to be constructive

and uses his power above the laws of nature to destroy, then he subjects himself once more to their full force, and the measure of his own destructiveness is the measure of their inevitable and invariable operation to destroy him as soon as possible. Nothing in the operations of natural law is more sublime or more formidable than its justice—a justice which means that continued attempts to react to lower forms of life involve destruction, and that continued attempts to go forward involve the possibility of everlasting progress.

Man in the struggle for survival, governed under it by environment and the instinct of reproduction, has all the forces of nature operating to destroy him as soon as he has served the purposes of perpetuating the species. Man the Artificer, rising to reasoned self-consciousness, self-mastery and individuality, finds all the forces of nature operating with him for the mastery of his environment in the measure of the intelligence which grows in him as he ceases to be destructive in struggling to survive. If he can resist his own atavism and that of his community, he can become conscious in a measure which has no other limit than that of his own reasoned self-consciousness of the power, the order, the harmony of law as it operates in nature around him. In the crystals of the ice which brings death to undeveloped man, he can see the forces of expansion and contraction under a law of order which, when he learns it, enables him to make a machine which does the work of a thousand men, and makes it possible for them to be relieved in so much from the compulsion of their environments and the merely animal struggle to survive. If he have no other compulsion than that of animal instinct, if he think only of struggling for his own survival, he cannot attain this knowledge for himself nor use it to help others. It can come only to those who have the will to help others at the expense, if need be, of their own survival. These it makes saviors of the rest. These, whether they make a statue or a steam engine, tell the truth in a sermon or write it down in noting the results of an experiment in chemistry, proclaim it in a book [or stand for it at the wheel of an ocean steamer, crossing the once impassable ocean which shut off the primitive tribes of men from each other—these are the artificers of the destinies of the race, its true law-givers, its saviors from the destruction of its own destructiveness.

If the anthropoid man has the body of the ape, Man the Artificer has in him the mind of the Universe, and the forces of the universe work to immortalize the power of his thought through an everlasting evolution into higher creations of thought. If he has inherited the atavism of the ape, and mastered it, he inherits, in doing so, his own full measure of the everlasting creative power of God.

THE TRUCE IN WALL STREET.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

PEACE is at last being restored in the railway world in the Northwest. There is again a big hullabaloo in Wall street, because Morgan and his friend have formed the Northern Securities Company, with a capital of \$400,000,000. The incorporation papers have been submitted to, and inspected by, dozens of the most astute corporation lawyers in Wall street, and found flawless. The path is now clear for a final adjustment of the Northern Pacific-Great Northern-Burlington difficulties. Harriman and his party are being pacified, in a very substantial manner. They are to get excellent returns on their investment in Northern Pacific shares. Harriman is said to be very well satisfied and smiling from ear to ear. Hill and Morgan are also smiling, perhaps because they have to. They had to knuckle down to the Union Pacific clique and look for peace at any price. A famous civil war general used to say: "War is hell." Probably Morgan thought that the same emphatic language applied to a falling out in the railway business and a stubborn fight between powerful competitors.

And now they are going to finance another tremendous deal, involving hundreds of millions. Last spring, they juggled with the \$1,100,000,000 stock of the United States Steel Corporation; now they undertake another job of very respectable magnitude. There will be a large quantity of fresh water again. But the magnates do not care; they are making money in these "deals," and the suckers are

getting, or will be, pinched. This is, indeed, a great era. We have billion dollar Congresses and billion dollar "deals" in Wall street. Things which, some years ago, would have been considered impossible, are now every-day affairs. The public ceases to be surprised or alarmed. We have gotten over our scare and shivers regarding the billion dollar steel trust. Our self-confidence (we could hardly say our self-respect) is growing at a rapid gait. Morgan can do anything and everything. His is a name to conjure with. He "bestrides the narrow world like a Colossus, and we petty men walk under his huge legs."

Nowadays, in order to make money, all you have to do is to get some congenial spirits together, whose sense of honesty and fairness is very elastic, and organize a company or trust, with a large capitalization, the larger the better. Too much water would be too palpable in a small capitalization. Then you "sell out" to the first green entrepreneur that comes by, at a good profit, form a Wall street clique that will manipulate the stock you received in part payment, advance the price to a dizzy height and unload on the public at an additional good gain in your bank-account. It looks, and is, very easy. It is simply because it is so easy that more do not try it. What is the use of working and staying at the daily grind and drudging along, when you can make money in such an unfailing, easy manner? Why not avail yourself of this twentieth century "cinch"? Follow J. Pierpont Morgan, the new Moses of commercialized civilization, and throw your old-fashioned ideas to the winds!

Talk about John Law, or the Tulip Craze! Morgan can beat them all. He can give cards and spades to anybody that comes along. His is the only way to get rich in no time, and to make money while you wait. There is no need worrying about money markets, foreign competition, gold shipments, legal difficulties, international trade balances and exchange rates! That is all rot. If the law is reaching out for you, what have you got your "pull" and trust lawyer for? There are plenty of loop-holes in the statutes, plenty of judges who do not know what right or wrong is, and who can be made to believe or decide anything. As some well-known judge, who adorned a Four Courts' bench some years ago, used to say: "Damn the law!"

So far as foreign business conditions are concerned, just continue to hug the pleasing delusion that we do not depend on anything or anybody. Foreign panics and wars have no effect on this side; if we ship gold, occasionally, it is an act of mercy on our part. We need not do it, if we don't want to. Europeans cannot get along without us; we will always sell to them at choice prices, and they must buy from us, whether they will or not. If they don't want to buy or hold our securities, we will carry them ourselves. We are able to carry any old thing, for any length of time.

Everything in this country will soon be syndicated. All the railroad and industrial corporations will be in one hand. One almighty chairman will rule and sway the destinies of our Republic, and Morgan will manipulate the stockmarket, so that we can always make money by cheating each other in a good-natured way. Nobody will be dissatisfied; everybody will have money to burn, and everybody will be a bloated bondholder, or draw big dividends on his stocks. Money market conditions will be a *quantite negligible*. There will be plenty of money to go round; banks will carry any old stock for you, margin or no margin, as everything born, raised or issued in the United States will be absolutely safe, will be a "lead-pipe cinch." The fondest dreams of Sir Thomas Moore and Bellamy will be realized, will, in fact, be eclipsed. There are great times ahead for all of us; just be a little patient. After awhile we will all be so happy and so uncommonly satisfied that unborn babies will demand to be born, to share in the good times and good things, and old people will peremptorily refuse to die. What is the use of dying, and looking for things we know not of, when we have paradise right here?

So cheer up, you pessimists and old croakers! Fall in line, buy some railroad, industrial, or some bank stock! If you do not like them, then buy some trust company stock in St. Louis, where everything that you touch is bound to go up and return you a fortune. Don't be an old fogey, and decry the modern trend of affairs. Plunk down your money and invest or speculate; what do you want to do with cash, when you can buy so many sure things with it?

The social problem is solved, and Utopia is being

ushered in. *Ave*, Morgan; *ave*, Harriman. You are, indeed, benefactors of mankind, and your names will be thundering down the ages while the names of all those we have hitherto looked up to as great men will be forgotten. How strange it all is! How easy it was, after all, to find the long-sought panacea for all the ills that mankind is suffering from. No more poverty, no more affliction, no work, no more losses in Wall street! Is it not wonderful? To think that we have found what we have looked for so long and so anxiously. The sweet balm of Gilead to be contained in stock certificates! Verily, these are the days of miracles and sorcery. This is the golden age, boys. Or is it the age of the gold brick in finance?



THE WAR ON CONSUMPTION.

WHAT PROFESSOR KOCH SAYS.

COMMENT in the MIRROR upon the action of St. Louis physicians in encompassing the defeat of an ordinance compelling notification and possible segregation of consumptives has evoked a number of letters from physicians. They all assert themselves as *H. J. S.* does in a communication printed in another column. Now Professor Robert Koch, *Geh. Med. Rath. Direktor des Instituts für Infektions Krankheiten in Berlin, und Mitglied des Kaiserl. Gesundheits. Amtes, Berlin, Germany*, knows something about consumption, or tuberculosis. The MIRROR quotes from his address delivered before a general meeting of the British Congress on Tuberculosis, London, July 23, and published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. "The only main source of the infection of tuberculosis," he says, "is the sputum of consumptive patients, and the measures for the combating of tuberculosis must aim at the prevention of the dangers arising from its diffusion. Well, what is to be done in this direction? Several ways are open. One's first thought might be to consign all persons suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, whose sputum contains tubercle bacilli, to suitable establishments. This, however, is not only impracticable, but also unnecessary. For a consumptive who coughs out tubercle bacilli is not necessarily a source of infection on that account, so long as he takes care that his sputum is properly removed and rendered innocuous. This is certainly true of very many patients, especially in the first stages, and also of those who belong to the well-to-do classes, and are able to procure the necessary nursing. But how is it with people of very small means? Every medical man who has often entered the dwellings of the poor, and I can speak on this point from my own experience, knows how sad is the lot of consumptives and their families there. The whole family have to live in one or two small, ill-ventilated rooms. The patient is left without the nursing he needs, because the able-bodied members of the family must go to their work. How can the necessary cleanliness be secured under such circumstances? How is such a helpless patient to remove his sputum, so that it may do no harm? But let us go a step farther and picture the condition of a poor consumptive patient's dwelling at night. The whole family sleep crowded together in one small room. However cautious he may be, the sufferer scatters the morbid matter secreted by his diseased lungs every time he coughs, and his relatives close beside him must inhale this poison. Thus whole families are infected. They die out, and awaken in the minds of those who do not know the infectiousness of tuberculosis, the opinion that it is hereditary, whereas its transmission in the cases in question was due solely to the simplest process of infection, which does not strike people so much, because the consequences do not appear at once, but generally only after the lapse of years.

"Often, under such circumstances, the infection is not restricted to a single family, but spreads in densely inhabited tenement houses to the neighbors, and then, as the admirable investigations of Biggs have shown in the case of the densely-peopled parts of New York, regular nests of foci of disease are formed. But, if one investigates these matters more thoroughly, one finds that it is not poverty *per se* that favors tuberculosis, but the bad domestic conditions under which the poor everywhere, but especially in great cities, have to live. For, as the German statistics show, tuberculosis is less frequent, even among the poor, when the population is not densely packed together, and may attain very great dimensions among a well-to-do population when the domestic conditions, especially as regards the bed-

rooms, are bad, as is the case, for instance, among the inhabitants of the North Sea Coast. So it is the over-crowded dwellings of the poor that we have to regard as the real breeding places of tuberculosis; it is out of them that the disease always crops up anew, and it is to the abolition of these conditions that we must first and foremost direct our attention if we wish to attack the evil at its root, and to wage war against it with effective weapons.

"If we are not able at present to get rid of the danger which small and overcrowded dwellings involve, all we can do is to remove the patients from them, and, in their own interests and that of the people about them, to lodge them better; and this can be done only in suitable hospitals. But the thought of attaining this end by compulsion of any kind is very far from me; what I want is that they may be enabled to obtain the nursing they need better than they can obtain it now. The only country that possesses a considerable number of special hospitals for tuberculosis patients is England, and there can be no doubt that the diminution of tuberculosis in England, which is much greater than in any other country, is greatly due to this circumstance. I should point to the founding of special hospitals for consumptives and the better utilization of the already existing hospitals for the lodging of consumptives as the most important measures in the combating of tuberculosis, and its execution opens a wide field of activity to the State, to municipalities, and to private benevolence.

"As, however, unfortunately, the aid of the State, the municipalities, and rich benefactors will probably not be forthcoming for a long time yet, we must for the present resort to other measures that may pave the way for the main measure just referred to, and serve as a supplement and temporary substitute for it.

Among such measures I regard obligatory notification as specially valuable. In the combating of all infectious diseases it has proved indispensable as a means of obtaining certain knowledge as to their state, especially their dissemination, their increase and decrease. In the conflict with tuberculosis also we can not dispense with obligatory notification; we need it not only to inform ourselves as to the dissemination of this disease, but mainly in order to learn where help and instruction can be given, and especially where the disinfection which is so urgently necessary when consumptives die or change their residences has to be effected. Fortunately it is not at all necessary to notify all cases of tuberculosis, nor even all cases of consumption, but only those which, owing to the domestic conditions, are sources of danger to the people about them. Such limited notification has already been introduced in various places in Norway, for instance, by a special law, in Saxony by a ministerial decree, in New York and in several American towns, which have followed its example. In New York, where notification was optional at first and was afterwards made obligatory, it has proved eminently useful. It has thus been proved that the evils which it used to be feared the introduction of notification for tuberculosis would bring about need not occur, and it is devoutly to be wished that the examples I have named may very soon excite emulation everywhere.

"There is another measure, closely connected with notification—namely, disinfection, which, as already mentioned, must be effected when consumptives die or change their residence, in order that those who next occupy the infected dwelling may be protected against infection. Moreover, not only the dwellings but also the infected beds and clothes of consumptives ought to be disinfected."

The above utterances of Professor Koch are not at all extreme or sensational. They do not at all indicate any desire to apply ruthless State tyranny to the victims of the great white plague. The ordinance introduced by the St. Louis Health Department, and downed by the doctors of St. Louis, allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic, simply applied the suggestions of Professor Koch, and no man in the world knows more about the matter than he. His statements as to the communicability of disease are irrefutable, at least they were until the doctors saw that the enforcement of ordinances compelling notification of the disease would operate against their purses. The doctors now say that the people "will not stand for" a law providing for notification of such diseases. The people stand for such laws as to small-pox, diphtheria and typhoid fever. The doctors say that consumptives will be hidden, if such laws are passed. The Health Department of St. Louis wants only to apply the method of notification, as Professor Koch

suggests, only "in those cases which, owing to the domestic conditions, are sources of danger to the people about them." The Department doesn't want to brand the consumptive and cut him off from his kind. It only wishes to be allowed to take measures to prevent the spread of the disease in places where it can only be prevented by such measures. The *Journal of the American Medical Association*, commenting upon the address of Professor Koch, from which the quotations above have been made, said that "the address on a whole" was "one that, in its general tone" was "a conservative and reasonable one, avoiding the extremes to which the discussion and treatment of this subject of tuberculosis have gone." In so far then as the St. Louis Health Department ordinance embodies the general tenor of Prof. Koch's address, the measure is "a conservative and reasonable one." The physicians who opposed the bill deny the pocket motive for their opposition. Nevertheless the MIRROR asserts that the other motives ascribed are not strong enough to account for opposition to a measure based on Koch and the experience of the world of late years. They, at best, make war upon extremes which are repudiated by Koch and, we are informed, by the St. Louis Health Department. The MIRROR believes that Professor Koch knows more about tuberculosis than any member of the St. Louis Medical Societies, allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic. It is at least singular that the various schools have never been able to "get together" before on anything but opposition to "notification." They are afraid that they will lose the patronage of the friends of the reported "cases." They are afraid that if they report cases, other doctors, who won't report cases, will get the practice.



GENIUS OR HACK?

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

"COME," said I to my engine, "let us make a tale." This is Stevenson's explanation of the inception of one of his novels, and it is a key with which we may unlock the secret of his accomplishment. The two fine volumes just given us by the Messrs. Scribners* really let us into the life of the real Stevenson, but little further than we had been able to penetrate with the aid of his "Letters" and the numerous intimate personalia scattered through his books; such as the introduction to "Treasure Island," in the Thistle and Edinburgh editions of his works, which is one of the cleverest performances among the many marvelous examples of literary confession with which his works abound. This "Life" is itself a remarkable book, exhibiting many of the intrinsic virtues of Stevenson's own style and method, without his exquisite art and limitless humanity, but with a homely sincerity and heartiness that claim our admiration and force our love. It is the most admirable biography that has been published since Hallam Tennyson's photographic relation of the life of his illustrious father. It gives as perfect a picture of Stevenson as can be desired; more perfect, probably, than any that lies in the memory and heart of even his most intimate friends, since Mr. Balfour has been able to manage his effects and deny to his readers the subtle influences of actual personality and propinquity. He causes the reader to take a new view of Stevenson and revise his estimate of his literary position. Some critics have regretted that Stevenson had not written an autobiography, reciting that "autobiography is the best biography," but they cannot have been so sincerely critical as generously friendly. Stevenson has given a great amount of autobiography in his books, enough from which to construct a life of great volume, if all that was desired was his own relation of its incidents and his own estimate of its tendencies and values. No writer ever emptied himself into his books as did Stevenson; he bared his soul and literally poured his consciousness into them. If you know his books you know him, as he was known to himself, and you perceive that the spirit and temper of the man were such that nothing was withheld or stated to extenuate or excuse. Yet Stevenson proved himself possessed of the artistic spirit; and that the artistic spirit so possessed him, that this relation of his life from the unsparing friend was necessary to complete the man for us, and to assist us in revising our estimate of the author.

*The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Graham Balfour, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Balfour does not tempt us to lower our estimate of the man. He clarifies the atmosphere that has surrounded him. He sweeps away the mist of whimsicality which Stevenson usually threw about himself, and he also ignores the pathetic atmosphere some writers have steeped him in, though the pathos of his life is unconsciously shown to have been greater than had been known or imagined. Upon several points Mr. Balfour sheds grateful light, as the relations of Stevenson and his father, the circumstances of his marriage, and the motives that actuated his exploitation of Samoan affairs. We are comforted to know that there was always the most perfect sympathy between the great son and the grand father, and we are glad to be satisfied that no scandal or discredit attaches to his marriage. While we do not insist upon complete knowledge of the private lives of our authors, and are prepared to accord them full personal liberty, we yet dislike to feel the pressure of a blot upon the character of one who thrusts himself so deeply into our lives as does Stevenson. So we may thank Mr. Graham Balfour for one of the ideal biographies of the times, and for driving out of our memories some disagreeable doubts.

I am content to look to the professional critics for descriptions and estimates of these volumes along the recognized ways of criticism. For me they had a different interest, and to me they showed a Stevenson I had ever suspected, and even hoped. The life of Tennyson, by his son, revealed a Tennyson different from the poet of previous conceptions—greater indeed and vastly more human. These two men were perhaps masters of poesy and prose among the writers who completed their work during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and they were strikingly alike so far as one essential literary trait is concerned; one essentially modern quality. As producers of literature they were truly self-made. Both were very eminent, and both made themselves eminent by stern persistency in training that was the most discouraging drudgery. Both resolved to be authors while very young, and both persisted until their dreams were realized. In the case of Stevenson there was everything to discourage him and to deter him. His health was distressingly precarious, from the cradle to the grave, and was in such a state at various stages of his career as to fully justify the abandonment of all effort and such dependence upon his father as would, at any time have been lovingly welcomed. There was every excuse for an invalid life, for Stevenson was always an invalid. There was also the strong paternal desire that he should follow the profession of his grandfather, his father and his uncles. He constantly failed in literature, also, writing voluminously from early youth, but getting no recognition to speak of until he was thirty-one—"the succession of defeats lasted unbroken till I was thirty-one." Then his success was "Treasure Island," a story of a sort that he had never dreamed of producing, and the success of it was halting, slow, uncertain. It seemed a dead failure at first, but it finally made its way to the hearts of people who love a rattling story, and Stevenson saw appreciation turn to his other work, and knew that he had reached the goal he had labored half a generation to attain. Yet he scarcely esteemed his victory. He said: "I know a little about fame now; it is no good compared to a yacht." And later, when he was getting a large income, he said: "Wealth is only useful for two things—a yacht and a string quartette."

Here was the weak and sickly Scotch boy determining to be an author, a writer. He had not resolved to be a poet, a novelist, a historian, an essayist—only that he would write something, anything. He tried essays of various kinds, stories, novels, biography, poetry—and all were rejected by editors or burned by himself and undoubtedly deserved to be. But he kept doggedly at it. His education amounted to almost nothing. He was ill for days, weeks, months. He tried one school after another, but got little from them. He might have surrendered with honor; even the most obvious prudence seemed to demand that he give up and not persist in utterly wasting the meagre portion of life niggardly fate had vouchsafed him. But he did not give up; he was not even disheartened. He plodded on. He wrote, and burned what he wrote. He wrote more, and now and again he offered something to some editor. When it came back to him, rejected, he scanned it carefully and generally approved the rejecting editor's judgment. When, after years of effort, some of his essays and descriptive articles were published they brought him no credit and very little money. They were unnoticed, but yet he wrote on, cheerfully, criticising his work unsparingly

and destroying with Spartan courage. He read, studied, analyzed, divined the style of successful writers and absorbed everything that might help his own style. He patiently, laboriously, drudgingly forced into his mind the knowledge necessary, and the style and facility necessary, to equip himself to write; and he did write. At last he found himself to be a literary mill; he was able to write anything—he did write everything within the range of literary product, except technical text books, and he came near to even that. He wrote many kinds of novels—of adventure, of character, of incident; he was too sane to write the motive novels of his latter days, and too much of a literarian to write the "historical" or the "colonial" novel. He wrote innumerable essays, upon nearly every topic of current interest, and short stories of all kinds; he wrote "history and biography, fables and moralities, and treatises on ethics; he wrote poems—blank verse, lyrics and ballads, songs and poetry for children; he wrote plays, ranging from melodrama to genteel comedy; books of travel, reflective and descriptive; he composed prayers and lay sermons, and even ventured on political speculation." He wrote in a wider variety than Mr. Balfour credits in this summary, including technical and scientific papers, and many critical papers. But what he wrote was only a very small proportion of what he planned and wished to write. He sketched and conceived innumerable books upon all sorts of subjects. He began and worked at dozens of books. Some were completed, but never brought up to his standard by revision and re-writing, and some were destroyed. He wrote essays and vagrom pieces almost without limit, that he never used—"deleted" them from the world, as he gaily explained. His published works fill twenty-four volumes, without counting many writings which he did not consider belonged to his literature, and Mr. Balfour certainly arouses hope that there may be more posthumous volumes. He was a prolific writer, as authors go, yet his published books represent but such a small part of his literary labors. With all his exuberance of production and the fertility of his invention, Stevenson's method was severely laborious. He proceeded in the most methodical manner; almost it may be said that his work was performed in a painfully mechanical manner. He made outline plans, constructed sketch skeletons, and filled in his chapters slowly and with the utmost painstaking care. He wrote slowly, only a few pages each day—possibly only a single paragraph. He built up a story or an essay, or even a poem, almost line by line. He went over and over his work, revising, amending, changing; groping hours or days in his mind or through piles of books for a word or a phrase or a fact. When this slow process had brought him finally to the end of his effort, he went back to the beginning and wrote it all over, rearranging and changing without mercy for the child of his painful labor, and not scrupling radically to change the basic motive and reject the whole. Even his lighter work, such as his descriptions of journeys and the like, which might well be considered to be little other than the writing down of what must retain the substantial form his memory and his note books presented, was written and re-written, some of it many times over. His series of papers in *Scribner's Magazine* were written seven and eight times over. This painstaking labor was not, we infer, to perfect diction so much as to improve the spirit or the flavor—to make it ring clear, express his thought with as much of the motive and as true to the *motif* as he could force from language. We have no record of a great author who labored so heavily to produce his books as did Stevenson. There is scarcely warrant for assuming that inspiration was responsible for much that is in them. They were wrung out of scanty and obstinate material by sheer, intellectual brute force; so it must appear to whoever comes fresh from a reading of Mr. Balfour's book and a study of the autobiographical in Stevenson's works. To go to his novels and to browse among his essays, to sip of his poetry and take the solid food of his biography and history, makes one again wish to be a believer in the divine afflatus. But these are the facts of his life and of his way of doing his work. We must needs go back to the uncontrollable impulse that drove him to the pen, and to certain other characteristics, to find a base for a cold-blooded belief that inspiration or genius formed a part of Stevenson the writer. He could not avoid his fate; it seized upon his infant imagination and it wrapped within itself the whole being of

the youth and the man. At times the impulses that led to his notable work seemed to spring upon Stevenson without warning and without reason, and so possess him that the labor of putting the idea into literature was greatly lessened and much of the usual drudgery avoided. Such was his celebrated letter to Dr. Hyde in defense of Father Damien. He knew but little of Father Damien, but his imagination had been fired by the consecrated labors of that historic priest so that when Hyde published the cowardly attack upon the dead man he was aflame at once. He was in Australia, remote from his home and more remote from the source of all accurate data. He knew he was writing a most atrocious libel and that the chances for a disastrous suit and impoverishing damages were many and imminent. Yet he never even dreamed of hesitation. He wrote with a pen of flame, and without the labor hitherto always necessary. This terrible castigation of the reverend paltroon is a genuine inspiration. Some other instances exist, one of which is so beautifully illumined by all the splendid courage and lovely faith and sweet vision of life that were constantly his that it constitutes one of the notable things worth remembering of the nineteenth century. He lay desperately ill. His wife believed him dying. He could not speak; he could not use his eyes; he could not use his right hand and arm—he could barely breathe—and be brave. His tortured wife, giving way to her bitterness and falling to sarcasm in her grief, remembering how he always took the cheerful view, said: "Well, I suppose that this is the very best thing that could have happened." She believed the departing doctor had told Stevenson that he was dying. Stevenson smiled, and wrote painfully with his left hand: "Why, how odd; I was just going to say those very words." It was then, in the face of, but not in the fear of, death that he wrote that most exquisite of all requiems, which was cut on his tomb at Samoa.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

There is no denying inspiration here; no denying the voice of a beautiful character. The critic must not here intrude; a silent tear is all the comment that is appropriate. And yet—we must still insist that Stevenson was a self-made writer; that his genius, when he exhibited genius, resulted from hard study and hard labor, long persisted in; that his works are the product of a kind of industry that very few men are capable of, and fewer still have the courage and the time to carry to the conclusion to which Stevenson drove them. He started in the race tremendously handicapped by a delicate physical constitution and chronic ill-health. His advantages were a financially able and indulgent father and a supersensitive intellectual constitution. Despite the grim struggle with expression and his long wrestling with language he seemed born to produce literature. If he had enjoyed precocious facility he would never have risen above mediocrity, if he had ever found any voice. Having to struggle for even elemental expression, having to seek after all words, he found the most beautiful and the most eloquent; being denied all raiment he attained to purple and fine linen. Of such are the laws of life: unto him that hath not, but yet labors with courage and persistency, shall be given.

For about fifteen years Stevenson has been growing upon us in America. In 1887-88 he was a liberal contributor to *Scribner's Magazine*, writing for it some of his best work, including "The Master of Ballantrae," his "Christmas Sermon," and some other less well known things. Later "The Wrecker" was published in this magazine. Since his death, in 1894, Stevenson has steadily advanced in the esteem of Americans, until he to-day stands near the head, if not absolutely first, among those literarians we honor and love and read. He is a great figure. He looms higher and greater each year. I know of no appreciation so keen as the remark of a lady who was sitting in the library of a reading friend. She was asked what book she would have to while away a waiting half-hour, and answered: "Give me a Stevenson." "Which one?" "Any one; all are so good." How many sets of books of twenty four volumes are there, of which such a remark can be made? And it is so true. There is

The Mirror

scarcely a dull line in the long row of books; even the prefaces and the introductory notes are delightfully readable, when they are not inspiring and luminously uplifting.

Mr. Balfour's two volumes do not show us all of Stevenson. This writer has little literary skill; no perspicacity. He is traditional Scotch, and is limited in utterance to the bone and sinew of his topic. What is in his mind he can say, bluntly and tersely. Of sentiment he may not be ignorant, but he expresses it meagrely and haltingly, and leaves it chiefly to be inferred. He has none of the graces of Stevenson, and little of comparable talent, but his very dullness is admirable in forming a toneless background for the brilliant figure he faithfully etches. His "Life" is only supplementary, but it is admirably supplementary. If we had not Stevenson's works Mr. Balfour's book would not furnish either a full or an alluring picture of him; and if we had not Mr. Balfour's book we could not know as much of Stevenson as we ought from his works. But with Balfour and with Stevenson we are still unable definitely to place Stevenson. Was he an inspired genius, or was he a glorified hack-writer?

CANTILENA MUNDI.

BY FIONA MCLEOD.

WHERE rainbows rise through sunset rains
By shores forlorn of isles forgot,
A solitary Voice complains:
"The World is here, the World is not."
The Voice the wind is, or the sea,
Or spirit of the sundown West:
Or is it but a breath set free
From off the Islands of the Blest?
It may be; but I turn my face
To that which still I hold so dear:
And lo, the voices of the days—
"The World is not, the World is here."
Tis the same end whichever way,
And either way is soon forgot:
"The World is all in all, To-day:
To-morrow all the World is not."

THE CELLIST'S FALSE NOTE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE cellist, with his straight figure, broad shoulders and great black eyes, was a fine looking man. Night after night he came and sat playing in the little orchestra balcony that overlooked the grand cafe of the Hotel Cecil. Sometimes, when so directed, he played a solo—"Traumerei," or "Ave Maria" or some serenade—whatever the leader might select as suitable for the changing temper of the crowd. Herr Weyrich, the cellist, did not bother his head about these cafe audiences. He was not flattered by occasional applause nor depressed when his performance was ignored. He knew that cafe audiences generally approved of nothing till their bellies were full, and thereafter applauded everything, therefore he despised their opinions and played his cello as he was bid, with no other inspiration than the \$3 which each performance yielded to him.

At home, in his attic studio, with no chattering, drinking, munching mob around him, his beloved cello became the singing voice of his spirit, crooning the wordless anthems of his hopes and fears and calling back the memories of his youth and passions.

For Herr Weyrich was no longer young. The brown curls about his ears were turning white, and he no longer cared to sit where he could watch the women listening to his cello. With the younger men of the orchestra it was quite different. They were yet glad to play at the pretty guests who sometimes nodded smiling encores at them.

With these young fellows "a request" from the audience was still an event, and a scribbled note asking for the repetition of a solo caused the honored performer no slight gratification. An occasional bouquet, followed by demure and furtive glances exchanged across the balcony railing, had already made the handsome young first violin an object of envy to the cornet and the flute. Only the cellist rose

superior to these frivolities, and though many encores bore evidence of his popularity, he had never deigned to inquire by word or look whence came the demand for more of his music. And so the young men of the orchestra yielded to him a measure of respect which lost nothing in the half familiar, half reverent epithet, "Papa," with which they referred to him.

It was near midnight of All Hallowe'en. Papa Weyrich had played "Traumerei" neither better nor worse than he had played it hundreds of times before. The applause had merged into the usual buzz of voices and the clatter of silver and china. A waiter came up to the little balcony, and thrusting his head between palms, said:

"A note for the cello player!"

Papa Weyrich gingerly took the extended card, while every eye in the orchestra bulged with astonishment. A note for Papa Weyrich! He held it at arm's length, as if reading, while he passed it on to the leader. Then his smooth, honest face went white and red by turns. His hand trembled, his bow fell on the floor, his eyes stared at the writing.

"What's wrong, Weyrich?" asked the leader, coming over to him.

"Nothing at all," lied the cellist; "somebody wants me to play 'Traum der Sennerin.' Shall I?"

He was plainly excited and the other musicians were wondering, open-mouthed. "We haven't the music," said the leader, well knowing Papa's hatred for encores.

"I can play it. I will play it!" said the cellist.

Astonishment was on every face that watched him as Weyrich picked up his bow and swept into the weird, fantastic melody with a power and rapt expression they had never heard from him before. His fine eyes wandered over the faces of the audience till at last they paused, distending, as he looked into the face of a woman. Blue-eyed, yellow-haired, smiling, beautiful, she was one of those women about whose age men seldom stop to guess. Near her sat another, not less comely, but overshadowed by the splendid radiance of her companion.

As the musicians were locking up their instruments the young first violinist found a card on the floor, and read:

"Play the piece you played for me that last night at Potsdam.
Carlotta."

He thrust the scrawl into his pocket, and, as was his custom, hurried after "Papa" Weyrich. As the cellist reached the aisle the blonde goddess came half-way to meet him. She put both hands in his, fixed him with her luminous eyes, and leading him to a chair, sat near him.

"So, Emil, you have not forgotten Potsdam," she was saying, watching some old familiar fire come back into his eyes.

"It's not Potsdam, it's not the music, it is you I must remember always," he said. And the young violinist, waiting apart, marveled at "Papa's" sudden air of buoyant gallantry.

"No, no, Emil!" she laughed; "this is no place for gallantries. Besides, you know, we are no longer boy and girl. Indeed I almost forgot that, in my joy at seeing you after all these years. I knew you the moment I heard 'Traumerei' and saw those curls of yours. Really, Emil, you're as handsome as ever!"

"You seem more beautiful, Carlotta."

"Now I'll punish you," she whispered, playfully tapping his hand, as she turned to the younger women, who, with their two men companions, sat chatting at a near-by table.

"Come here, Irene," she called. And then, to the cellist:

"Mr. Weyrich, this is my daughter Irene!"

The musician winced, turned pale and stammered:

"Impossible—that is—er—pardon me, miss, your mother seems too young to call so mature a child her daughter."

The daughter hardly suppressed a sneer at his blunt gallantry. She did not understand or care about the gray pallor of his face as he regarded her. But the mother saw and understood and enjoyed his confusion.

"And now—*auf wiedersehen*," she was laughing. But he stopped her with a queer gesture, calling the young violinist, who yet waited across the aisle.

"Before we separate, ladies let me present my son, Carl Weyrich."

And the triumph faded from the elder woman's bold, blue eyes, as she watched them walk away into the night.

SONG OF LIFE.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

M AIDEN of the laughing eyes
Primrose-kirtled, winged, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies—
Joy!—whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

Yet—lest I, unheeding, borrow
Pleasure that to-day endears
And benumbs the heart to-morrow,
Turn not wholly from me, Sorrow!
Let me share thy tears!

Give me of thy fulness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Vision pure, heroic strife,—
Give me of thy fulness, Life!—
Nor deny me death!

From Harper's Magazine.

THE GOTHAM DEBUTANTE.

AN EXPENSIVE LOVELY LUXURY.

SOCIETY in all the cities just now is talking about the season's crop of debutantes. Society in all the smaller cities imitates the fashion of New York and what the fashion and custom are in the metropolis may be valuable information to those who have society buds to introduce and to the multitude to whom society is a spectacle only. The launching of a debutante is an expensive operation to say nothing of its being one that requires much forethought, tact and taste and a correct knowledge of the forms of the swell crowd. The whole subject has been recently discussed in authoritative fashion by a writer in the New York Sun, in a way that shows conclusively the importance of an event which the unregenerate may consider trifling or even ridiculous. Whatever one may think of the monkey-doodle business of Society we are all agreed that the girls should have a good time and they should have it in the way that will get the most "goodness" out of the time; that is in the forms prescribed by fashion.

The coming-out reception, with its bevy of pretty girls, is not an old custom in New York. The custom originated only a few years ago. Further back in social history elaborate coming-out evening parties, which included feasting and dancing, occasionally fell to the lot of daughters of the rich, but the majority of the girls of that time had no formal introduction to society.

The afternoon reception does not completely monopolize latter-day debutantes. Large dinners followed by a dance to which most guests are asked are another kind of function favored by the wealthy for bringing out a bud, but the favor of the dinner dance is not yet so great as that of the tea, for the reason, undoubtedly, that it is not only a much more expensive form of entertainment, but also one which necessarily limits the number of guests.

The debutante of to-day, it has been pointed out, is not quite so youthful as the buds of others years. "One reason," said an authority, "is that girls are better educated than formerly. They scarcely get out of the schoolroom under eighteen and an advanced course takes a year or two longer."

Preparations for a debutante's reception must be begun several weeks in advance. The debutantes must early turn their attention toward securing the required number of aids, a task not so easy as might be imagined, even though the list of her friends is long. None but girls who have been out not more than one season or who have just been introduced or who expect to be introduced the next season may be included in the reception line at a debutante's tea. Owing to these limitations the debutante frequently finds it far from easy to make her selections. For this very reason it is all the more important that she should not postpone coming to a decision.

"Would you believe it," pouted a pretty debutante of last year, "out of fourteen intimate friends to whom I wrote, only four were free to accept my invitation, simply because I didn't ask them soon enough. The other eleven were already engaged to receive at other teas."

A month ahead is none too soon to consider the personnel of a receiving corps, particularly if the reception is scheduled for December. By beginning thus early the

Thanksgiving Day Calls for the Use of the Finest Linens.

Here are a Few Suggestions from
Our popular Linen Department.

HALF-PRICE SALE.

A special sale of hemstitched, plain linen Doylies, squares and centre pieces, at one-half price.

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Add charm to the table. Attention is directed to those fine Hemstitched Linen Centerpieces, at 25c, and in complete variety all the way up to \$27.50 each.

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All sizes and styles—handsome sets at \$4.00, and others better up to \$25.00 a set.

BROWN'S NAPKINS. \$5.00.

Special attention is called to the John S. Brown make, 27-inch napkins, at \$5.00. Cheap at the price and fine enough for a king.

SIDEBOARD SCARFS.

Two styles are worthy of special mention. Hemstitched plain linen, with open work at 35c up to \$3.50, and Renaissance Scarfs at \$3.50, \$6.50 and up to \$12.00 each.

LINEN NAPKINS.

Our showing embraces every kind and size. Irish, Scotch, German and Belgian manufacture. Prices from \$1.00 dozen up to \$14.50 a dozen.

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Also of German manufacture—Prices \$1.90, \$2.50 and some very fine ones at \$3.50 and \$5.00.

FOR ROUND TABLES.

Specially made Round Table Cloths at \$7.00 up to \$17.00 each, and Napkins to match from \$8.75 up to \$14.50 a dozen.

NAPKINS TO MATCH

Any of the above cloths—prices for Napkins range from \$2.15 dozen up to \$14.50 a dozen.

TABLE CLOTHS.

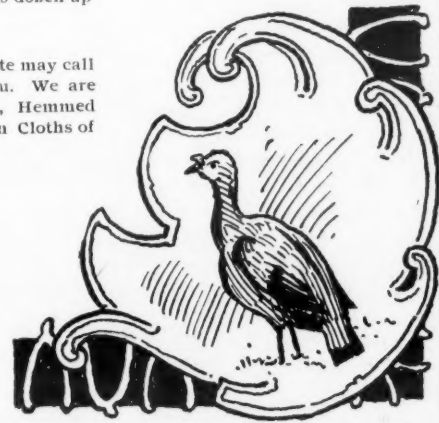
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OTHER PATTERN CLOTHS.

We are showing some very choice patterns without fringe, some with open work and double borders—all sizes and widths—prices begin at \$2.45 and range up to \$17.00 each.



Kupent's



debutante can select a day for her tea, which is not already overcrowded with functions of precisely the same kind.

Saturday afternoons of recent years have been most in favor for debutantes' teas. Sixteen girls, moving in much the same social set, chose the same Saturday afternoon for their receptions last season. The result was disappointment all around. Society, however willing, is scarcely equal to the task of visiting a dozen or more houses, situated anywhere and everywhere between Madison square and the upper end of Central park, between the hours of four and seven—the time allotted to these entertainments—and for this reason it is now the custom for a debutante to make public her date as soon as possible, for the benefit of others who have yet to make a choice. As soon as the debutante secures the required number of friends to help her on the important day she should immediately call them together for a consultation on several important points, one of which is gowns.

The modish debutante's gown is pure white and of more or less diaphanous material. Satin, silk, brocade, are all barred for a bud, swept aside in favor of chiffon, mousseline de soie, point d'esprit silk net, but there is no fixed rule in regard to the costumes of her assistants, except that, like that of the debutante, they are cut high in the bodice. It is most desirable, though, that harmony of color should prevail, and therefore the girls must, by an exchange of confidences, seek to avoid the disagreeable effect of two or three gowns of as many conflicting shades of blue, pink or green in close proximity in the reception line. The consultation also deals with the delicate question of which and how many of the girls shall receive in the drawing room and which shall make themselves charming in the refreshment room. Just now fashion requires that a debutante shall stand at the side of her mother or the relative who introduces her, with three or four or more of her youthful helpers in line on her other hand, and that some of them shall do duty at the other end of the drawing room and in the dining room. "It is the presence of these lovely young girls that make a debutante's reception so distinctively attractive," declared a grandmother the other day, "and I never miss one if I can help it."

When not more than four girls assist in receiving they all remain most of the time near the debutante. None but the debutante holds a bouquet, although the others may wear corsage bouquets. When, as often happens, the debutante is anxious to show special honor to several of the bouquets sent to her she arranges the favored ones conveniently at hand and takes turns in holding them.

The pretty custom of sending flowers to a debutante has become so firmly fixed that it really amounts to law. Wreaths, garlands, bouquets, bunches of flowers of every

variety and color pour in upon her. No formal plan of decoration is followed. As fast as they arrive the various flower pieces are hung on pictures, panels, mirrors, any abutment of the walls. They are massed against portieres, banked on the mantel. Tall screens are sometimes stood against the walls and lined with blossoms, if the supply holds out, and one of the prettiest arrangements is to cover a screen with bouquets and stand it immediately behind the debutante. The sending of presents other than flowers is coming into fashion. Gifts of jewelry are thus made.

Invitations are sent out two weeks before hand. Those of the very latest style are printed on heavy white cards 5x3 inches in size and the words on the first three lines, that is, the name of the person giving the reception, the name of the debutante and the words "At Home" are printed in Old English and the rest of the invitation, which must specify the day and time and place, in ordinary script. If several less formal days at home are to follow the coming out reception, these dates are inscribed on the lower left hand corner of the same card, as: "Thursdays in January, Tuesdays, January 7 and 21, Wednesdays until Lent."

The wardrobe of a wealthy New York girl, during her first season, is usually one of the most important features of her coming out, and in all probability, her clothes will never again receive the same amount of consideration until she is about to be married, for the reason that the extraordinary multiplication of entertainments in her honor immediately following her debut will probably never happen again. Willy-nilly society feels itself bound to give the latest comers a good time for a certain brief period, and whether pretty or plain, charming or painfully lacking in charm, every debutante who has been properly launched is reasonably certain of invitations which insure a constant round of gayety and call for an array of fine frocks such as the old-fashioned girl never dreamed of possessing.

A debutante of last December, just before her coming out, piloted a friend upstairs to a small room set aside for the purpose where hung twelve brand new gowns all of the daintiest materials, the most becoming colors, each more costly, despite its seeming simplicity, than it would have been if made of satin or brocade.

"Of course I shall have more new ones before the end of the season," she remarked. "My sister did during her first season, and in addition she kept a maid busy all the time freshening them all up. You see every time a dress of that sort is worn, it is sure to be torn somewhere."

"Yes," chimed in her mother. "No one, unless she has been placed in my position, knows anything about the struggle it is to keep the attire of a debutante the marvel of daintiness and freshness which the fashion of to-day requires. A debutante in a house makes more work than

all the other members of the family put together."

"The nearest approach we are using to heavy materials for debutante wear," said the head fitter of a fashionable dress-making concern, "is liberty gauze, which we trim plentifully with insertions of lace and white louisine, which resembles cloth of silver in its sheen and is one of the new materials of this season. Fine white net, over which runs an open-work scroll pattern, is another new material for debutantes, and mousseline de soie, more popular than ever, we now cross with tiny tucks dotted with hand embroidered French knots. Artificial flowers are the best trimmings for gowns of this sort, apple blossoms and small roses being the favorites, and we are giving them the preference just now over the finely spangled net passementeries of gold and silver so much in vogue a year ago. A pretty arrangement of trimming noticed on a debutante's costume of white silk net pleated was a pointed apron and sash ends outlined with pink roses and a pointed drapery to match on the low-cut bodice. The coming-out gown, for the same lucky maiden, was of mousseline de soie, the high bodice and elbow sleeves a mass of fine tucks alternating with very narrow entree deaux of blonde lace. The skirt tucked lengthwise to more than half its depth, hung in full flounce effect below that point and was finished with many rows of horizontal tucks and of the lace insertion. There are no flower trimmings on this gown, the flowers held by the wearer taking their place."

The simplest as well as the most elaborate of menus is permissible at a debutante's reception. For instance, at some of the more notable recently given in this city the bountifulness of the spread recalled the lavish hospitality of former generations, which had scant tolerance for a feast lacking in several smoking hot dishes. At other receptions, equally smart, bouillon tea and chocolate were the only hot offset to a menu consisting of cold dishes only. The most approved menu, according to the specialists in such matters, includes at least two hot dishes, which can easily be served, besides a generous assortment of pastries, salads and bonbons. Wine in any form is often eliminated, but oftener still mild punch and cup are among the beverages served. A customary and very delightful finale to the majority of debutantes' receptions is an informal dinner given at the debutante's house to the girls who received with her and an equal number of young men. The dinner in turn is rounded out with an informal dance, which must not be prolonged beyond midnight. As each of the receiving party says good night she receives from the debutante a bunch of flowers, "just for luck" and not until the last one is gone does the tired but happy society recruit seek her own pillow to dream perhaps of the triumphs of her first day and of others which she is sure are to come.

THE CONSUMPTION BILL.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 16th 1901.
To the Editor of The Mirror:

Dear Sir:—Fairness in all matters has been the policy of your paper. In the interest then of fair play, permit me to claim the right to answer the charges set forth under the caption of "Fool Physicians," in the "Reflections" of November 14th.

Let me suggest at the outset that the study of bacteriology has not as yet obtained the dignity of an exact science, while no one sufficiently familiar with all that has been done can, for a moment, question its progress, yet there is scarcely any doubt that there remains much to be done before we can speak with absolute authority or exact knowledge.

Is consumption contagious?

Some may answer "yes," others express doubt. The true answer is simply this: providing the soil is suitable the seeds may grow. The physical condition, then, of the individual furnishes the answer.

Reflecting on my experiences of some years ago, I recall that I myself, with other internes, slept night after night, for two years, in a small room situated between two large wards in a State Hospital. These wards were known as "the tubercular wards," and gave shelter to, perhaps, one hundred cases of tuberculosis. Never within my recollection did a case develop among the house doctors. The internes were strong, hearty young men and furnished poor soil for the nourishment and growth of the germs of consumption. For years before, this room had been the sleeping apartment of the men of the various classes during their residence in that institution, yet the records do not disclose—so far as I have been able to find out—a single case of infection.

It goes without saying that the air must have been continuously laden with the "tubercle bacilli." Observations along similar lines furnish quantities of evidence bearing out this fact.

Considering the next thought—"Shall the physician, after having discovered a case of incipient consumption, publicly and officially brand the unfortunate and record him in the records of the State, thereby not only bringing misery and despondency to the sufferer, but humiliation and publicity to the home as well?"

This course can have but one effect, viz., to almost mark the sufferer as a leper—a thing to be shunned.

Shall a State official be the sole judge and, like a Czar, order repeated examinations as often as he sees fit, in no wise respecting either the rights or wishes of the patient, family or family physician?

And then the other provision in the bill, which states: "the room occupied by the invalid shall be fumigated, and fumigation may be repeated at intervals of 90 days." To the knowing, "it is to laugh." Why not make it 30 days, or 60 days? It would do as little good. Perhaps if this fumigation were done daily it might be effective, but it is absurd to suppose that fumigations, done at the interval of 90 days, where the infection is being constantly renewed, could possibly have the desired result of sterilizing the apartments. In acute diseases, such as small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., the cases are self limited in duration, and disinfection and fumigation are only done when the disease has reached its limit. In these it does good, as the infection is not renewed.

Theorists may frame, in fine words, these wonderful systems of control, but the practical physician knows the solution, for the

present, must be simply in the proper education and instruction of the individual sufferer and those around him.

The consideration here of the innuendos concerning the mercenary side of the opposition is peurile, for I fail to see how even the adoption of this bill could curtail any legitimate fees to which the physician is justly entitled, and so far as lessening the number of cases is concerned, the bill would have no effect. Perhaps, then, it is safe to conclude that there are not so many "fool physicians" as the "Reflections" would make us believe, but that they are practical men realizing the futility of the bill at the present time and, perhaps, also public spirited enough to wish to save the city no end of unnecessary and useless expense.

Very truly,

H. J. S.

A DIPHTHERIA CURE.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Noting the frightful deaths in your city, of diphtheritic patients, who had been treated with anti-toxin, I write to advise your readers of the fact that in Ladiesburg, Maryland, John J. Liggett, a regular medical practitioner, has treated upwards of 256 cases of diphtheria in the past seven years, without losing a single patient. The remedy employed is extremely simple.

Flower of sulphur 10 grains, powdered willow charcoal 36 grains, sufficient water to make an ounce; an equal quantity of simple syrup is added, making two ounces of the mixture. This remedy is given every half hour, retained in the mouth for a time, then swallowed. Before taking the medicine an antiseptic gargle should be used. The patients are kept in a warm room. It is to be hoped that physicians generally will write to Dr. Liggett, ascertain his experience and use the treatment. My attention was called to his treatment, and upon writing to him I received most courteous consideration. He utterly disclaims credit for the marvelous results achieved in his own practice, frankly admitting that he has but modified another physician's prescription, obtaining better results. Called into consultation by other physicians, he states that the treatment outlined has proved efficacious in every case. Prior to the use of this prescription Dr. Liggett shared the concern shown by all true physicians when the sickness of children is diagnosed as diphtheria. Would it not be in order for your readers to call the attention of their family physicians to this subject? Like all true disciples of the healing art, Dr. Liggett exacts no fee for diffusing knowledge of the treatment which he has used with such wonderful success in his own practice. Yours Truly,

Edward Stern,

4244 Chestnut street.

Philadelphia, Nov. 8th, 1901.

The \$100 diamond solitaire rings we have just mounted in our own factory, where only expert designers and diamond setters are employed, are by far the best value ever offered. Mermod & Jaccard, Broadway and Locust.

Dr. Windhorst, whose dental rooms have been located, during the past two years, in the Odéon building, is now established in handsome new quarters at 3518 Morgan street, just east of Grand avenue.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E.W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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St. Louis and New York References.

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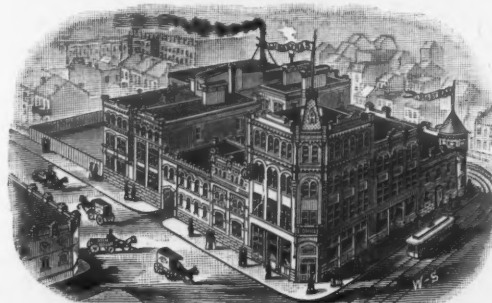


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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. John Ockerson are traveling in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Buck have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Whitaker have returned from Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Chaddock have returned from Europe.

Mrs. Mary E. Latey and Miss Latey are home from Europe.

Mrs. Henry Meier is entertaining her sister, Miss Zoe Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat G. Pierce have returned from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Harry Elliot is entertaining Miss Daisy Duesberry, of Mobile, Ala.

Mrs. Edwards Whitaker will give a tea at her Westmoreland place home, this afternoon.

Mrs. James Williamson Byrnes has sent out cards for a tea on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 26th.

Miss Florence York and Miss Bertha Chouteau Turner will leave soon for a Southwestern trip.

Mrs. Festus J. Wade, of 4451 Lindell boulevard, has sent out cards for a reception on Friday afternoon, November 29th.

Mr. J. C. Robinson and his mother, Mrs. Capehart, after a four months' absence in the East, have returned to the city.

Miss Letitia Fritch, entertained, last week, Miss Helen Stanley, of London, England, who was en route to Australia.

Mrs. Moses Rumsey will give a luncheon next Monday afternoon, assisted by her daughters, Misses Elma and Queen Rumsey.

Mrs. Arthur Gale, and Miss Grace Gale, will give a tea on Thursday afternoon, November 21st, in honor of Miss Lucy Scudder.

Mrs. Henry Stanley, of the West End Hotel, gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Clarence White has sent out cards for a tea, on Friday afternoon, November 27th, in honor of her sister, Miss Edith Kellner.

Mrs. Franklin Armstrong and Miss Adele Armstrong will entertain the Mary Institute class of 1902, on Thursday, November 28th.

Cards are out for the approaching marriage of Miss Sidney Boyd and Mr. Jos. Dickson, Jr., on Wednesday, November 27th. It will be a home affair.

Mrs. George Watson, who was Miss Florence Rhodes, gave the first of her two at homes, on Tuesday afternoon. The second will take place next Tuesday. Miss Esther Watson and Mrs. Watson, Sr., assisted in receiving.

The engagement of Miss Edith Cassell, to Mr. John Harvey, Jr., was announced last week. Miss Cassell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cassell, of 2929 Washington avenue. The wedding will be a quiet family affair and will take place December 17th, at the Southern Hotel.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Louise Victoria Whyte, of Kirkwood, to Mr. James Copping Cotter, of Indianapolis Ind., which will take place on Wednesday, Nov. 27th, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in Kirkwood. The ceremony will be followed by a small reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. James Graham Whyte.

Mrs. Amos Thayer, gave a tea Monday afternoon, for Mrs. Byron Babbitt, formerly Miss Nellie Bagnell. Only married ladies were invited. Mrs. William Bagnell assisted in receiving. Among the ladies present were Mesdames James L. Blair, Dexter Tiffany, Ephron Catlin, D. R. Francis, Jr., Edmund Wickham, J. C. Van Blarcom, John D. Davis, Isaac Morton, W. L. Huse, Ben Graham, Rolla Wells, and Dwight Treadway.

The Confederate Memorial Society, of which Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant is President, will give a large ball on December 12th, at Mahler's Hall. Mrs. Harrison Drummond and a number of prominent society ladies are assisting in preparation for the ball. Miss Lee, of Virginia, is expected to be present and likewise Miss Wheeler, daughter of Gen. Joe Wheeler.

Mrs. Prentiss Dana Cheney entertained the Acephalous Euchre Club on Monday afternoon, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. John A. S. Miller. Mrs. Thomas Rodgers won first prize, and Mrs. J. J. Mauntell, second. Among the members present were Mesdames Jos. D. Lucas, Thomas Crews, Richard Barrett, Ferd P. Kaiser, J. J. Mauntell, Charles W. Francis, Arthur Garesche, Alexander De Menil, James Garneau and Columbus Haile.

The engagement of Miss Mary Alice McLaran, to Mr. Archibald Mercer Hazzard, of Buffalo, N. Y., has lately been announced. Miss McLaran is the daughter of the late Charles J. McLaran. Mr. Hazzard is a member of one of the wealth-

iest and most representative of Buffalo families. The wedding will take place at the McLaran country place, about Christmas time, and will be a quiet family affair. Miss McLaran, besides being a belle and a beauty, is a superb musician.

Monday afternoon Mrs. John Nickerson, gave a luncheon for her two daughters, Misses Lucy and Suzanne Nickerson, who were formally presented to society at this function. Among the guests present were Mesdames George Power, Amadee Reyburn, Sr., James Richardson, Ashley D. Scott, J. C. Van Blarcom, Harrison Drummond, Henry Boeckler, A. Sproule, Randolph Hutchinson, Isaac Morton, Misses Maude Wells, Susan Thompson, Virginia Thomson, Julia Knapp, Myrtle Clark, Martha Hutchinson, and Ruth Dodd.

Miss Josephine Calhoun and Mr. C. Norman Jones will be married this evening, at eight o'clock, at St. George's Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Holland officiating. Miss Calhoun will enter with her father, Mr. David R. Calhoun, who will give her away, attended by Miss Annie West-Shaw, of New York, as maid of honor. Mr. Jones will have for his best man, Mr. Wm. T. Haarstick. After the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of Mr. Calhoun, on Lindell boulevard, after which the bride and groom will go to New York, whence they will sail for Europe in a fortnight for a three months' trip. Upon their return they will reside with Mr. Calhoun.

The marriage of Miss Sadie Pierce and Mr. Tom Maffitt took place Monday evening, at eight o'clock, at St. John's M. E. Church, Rev. Dr. J. J. Lee officiating. Mrs. Ed. Simmons attended Miss Pierce as matron of honor, and Miss Lily Belle Pierce was maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Marie Hayes, Julia Maffitt, Julia Curry, Clara Brown, of Jacksonville, Ill., Mabel Dwight, of New York, and Grace Morrill. Mr. Maffitt had for his best man his brother, Mr. Will Maffitt, and the groomsmen were Messrs. James Magee, of Pittsburg, Pa., Ord Preston, of New York, Carroll Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Charles Wells, of Scranton, Pa., Louis Stoddard, of New Haven, Conn., Guy Wellman, of New York, Claude Kennerly, Sam Pierce and Ed. Pierce. After a small reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pierce, of 4056 Lindell boulevard, the bride and groom departed for a trip, and upon their return will be at home to friends at 322 N. Newstead avenue, after January 1st.

Miss Clara Belle Rowe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rowe, and Mr. George H. Tontrup, of St. Louis, were married at the home of the bride's parents, in Center avenue, Pittsburg, by the Rev. Robert W. Grange, rector of the Church of the Ascension. The bride was given away by her father, and attended by Miss Annie Halsey Smith, of New York, the maid of honor, Miss Eleanor M. Tontrup, of St. Louis, a sister of the bridegroom; Miss Mary Catanaac Turnbull, of Hartford, Conn., and Miss Florence Schaefer, of Buffalo, the bridesmaids, with two little flower girls, the Misses Sarah Margaret and Dorothy Rowe, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Rowe, of Shadyside, and cousins of the bride. Mr. Thomas G. Harkins, of St. Louis, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Alfred H. Bennett, of Omaha, Neb.; Mr. G. Hamilton Fyler, of St. Louis; Mr. Frederick W. Bacon, of New York, and Mr. William Loudon Rowe, the bride's brother and a Princeton man. After an elaborate reception Mr. and Mrs. Tontrup left for Washington. After a tour of the South and West they will settle in St. Louis. At home cards have been issued for January 15th and 22d, at 5533 Cates avenue, St. Louis.

Ladies, nowadays, to be in the social swim, must conform to every mandate Dame Fashion dictates; their hats must be of the very latest creation, while to neglect the reigning mode in dressing one's hair would be an unpardonable sin. The lady's garments must have the peculiar fit that only the man-tailor can give; even her walk must be according to the latest fad. The "Piccadilly" must be successfully mastered, and, while adhering thus far to the fastidious Dame's decree, she must be careful to have her shoes of the best quality, fit and style purchasable. Indeed her boot must be the very acme of dainty elegance, and the only place to obtain such a boot is at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A. Swope's shoes, for quality, fit, finish and durability, are the best manufactured in the world.



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LECTURE ON INDIA.

John C. Sundberg, M. D., who has traveled extensively in the Ancient East, and who, after having been an avowed atheist for years, and after laborious study and investigation has convinced himself of the superior claims to authenticity of the Roman Catholic Church, will give, for the benefit of the St. de Chantal Academy of the Visitation, on Thursday evening, November 21, at Sodality Hall, Grand and Laclede avenues, a lecture, with stereopticon views, on India. This lecture, which, according to

the testimonials of those who have heard it elsewhere, is an intellectual treat, should be accorded a liberal patronage. Tickets are 50 cents.



AT THE CHURCH DOOR: "Are you one of he wedding party?" asked Mr. Fresh, the usher. "Only the groom. Don't mind me," replied the prospective victim.—*Baltimore World.*



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SUMMER PLAY-GROUND WORK.

[In answer to requests for information concerning the work of the ladies interested in summer play-grounds for city children, the following report has been prepared.]

The vacation play-ground work, begun in the summer of 1900 by the Wednesday Club, was continued the past summer by a body of women from different clubs, assuming the name "Vacation Play-ground Committee of St. Louis and Suburbs."

Last spring, circulars to the number of 5000 were sent out and the responses were speedy and generous. Before July 1st, the day appointed for the opening of the Play-grounds, the funds exceeded our expectations and we opened three of these much needed play-spaces: one at the last year's stand—the Shield's School, 7th and Carr, at the Pestalozzi, 7th and Barry, and at Watts' Chapel, 3rd and Victor streets, with an enrollment in all of 1904 children.

At each of the play-grounds were placed two trained kindergartners for the girls and small boys of the morning session. These teachers were ably assisted by volunteers, some of whom gave each a day per week, others every day, to the work of love. Over the large boys of the afternoon session were two young men, a leader and his assistant.

Equipment of every kind was bought and donated. There were swings, sand-piles, building-blocks for the girls, besides dolls to dress, paper dolls to cut out, and plenty of soft wool—red, brown and blue—from which they were taught to crochet themselves warm hoods. It is interesting to note that, with few exceptions, they wanted the red wool.

At one play-ground the weaving of baskets was taught; some creditable work was done and was on exhibition the closing day. In addition to the above, all sorts of kindergarten games were played and there was marching to music with song at the opening of each day's session. A joyous, wide-awake crowd of children attended the grounds daily, and many, sorrowful, had to be turned away for lack of room.

The leaders and helpers of the afternoon Play-grounds were all young men—young enough to enter fully into the games and sports enjoyed by themselves but a few short years before, and athletic enough to win over the most unruly or skeptical of the boys—these admiring, above all else, courage, prowess and skill in games like foot-ball, basket-ball, ring-toss and many other games dear to a boy's heart.

But, best of all,—the red-letter part of each day's programme,—were the shower baths donated to each school by the generosity of Messrs. N. O. Nelson and August Busch. Children whose homes were so poor that nothing like a bath was ever dreamed of, enjoyed a daily bath at the Play-grounds and left us at the end of the vacation, I am sure, not only cleaner, but better and purer for the grateful touch of the water on their poor, little, overworked, underfed bodies.

Would that some philanthropist would give them a swimming-pool!

Last but not least important in our method of summer recreation, were the many excursions to the different parks, summer-gardens, base-ball parks and on the river. It is hard to realize that there are still many children in St. Louis who have never been to

Forest Park, indeed who scarcely know what trees and grass are.

Let the New St. Louis give us parks in the crowded districts within reach of those who have not the nickel for car-fare; and may our year of the Louisiana Purchase Celebration see in St. Louis Play-grounds enough for all children craving their natural heritage—healthy, hearty, happy play.

Emily Foote Runge,

Secretary, Vacation Play-ground Committee.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

ROASTING A TURKEY.

"Ninety-nine women out of every one hundred, ninety-nine cooks out of every one hundred, will bake a turkey with the back to the pan," said a New Orleans man who keeps in touch with the kitchen, "and this is a mistake. I said ninety-nine out of every one hundred. Rather should I have said that the mistake is almost universally made. But few cooks ever think of cooking the turkey any other way. There seems to be a demand for well-browned turkey breast. But in browning the breast they sacrifice the sweetness of this part of the fowl. The best way to prepare a turkey is to bake it with the breast down. I learned this lesson from Mme. Begue, whose place down in the Old Quarter, near the French market, has become famed all over the country. She never thinks of baking a turkey with the breast up. The breast is turned to the bottom of the pan, and instead of being dry and tasteless when it is served is richly flavored and as sweet and juicy as one would care to have it. You see, all the fine flavoring of the turkey, the juices of the dressing and all the daintier touches flow down toward the breast of the fowl, and when the white meat is served you get the full benefit of every flavor added during the processes of preparing and baking the turkey in addition to the distinctive taste of the fowl itself.

"Inconvenient and awkward? Not at all. It is just as easy to cook a turkey in this way as in any other way, and the result is infinitely more satisfactory. It is no trouble to arrange the fowl in the pan; if you desire to place the fowl on the table before carving it you will find that it will look quite as well as it would if baked in the usual way, and certainly it will taste much better than it would if you baked the breast until it was dry."

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A COSTLY JAG.

Two naval vessels, with three admirals
and other officers, are on their way to Pago
Pago to investigate the charges of drunken-
ness against Captain B. F. Tilley. It is es-
timated that these charges against Captain
Tilley will cost the United States anywhere
from \$150,000 to \$200,000 to investigate,
no matter what the outcome may be to Cap-
tain Tilley—a sum equal to or in excess,
perhaps, of what the Schley inquiry will
cost. The battle-ship *Wisconsin* burns about
one hundred tons of coal a day, and, at eight
dollars a ton, her bill for fuel on her return
to the Pacific Coast will be \$35,000 or there-
abouts. The *Solace* burns about sixty tons
a day, and from San Francisco to Pago Pago
and thence to Manila, whither she is bound,
will burn about \$25,000 worth of coal.
There are three admirals on this duty, six
captains, lieutenant-commanders, senior lieut-
enants, junior lieutenants, ensigns, warrant
officers, and members of the crews. The
expenses of the court will probably be
\$2,500. Most of the officers will return by
the steamer, which will make an additional
\$1,500 or \$2,000. It is easy to figure out a
total cost of \$150,000 or \$200,000, all to de-
termine whether Captain Tilley really was
intoxicated.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the
E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is
now in charge of an up-to-date stationery
department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mer-
cantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

Mistress—"Now, remember, Bridget, the
Joneses are coming for dinner to-night."
Cook—"Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me
worst! They'll never trouble yez again!"—
Bazar.

FOOT-BALL AND THE PRESS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

When the University of Pennsylvania
plays a foot-ball game of any importance,
every paper in Philadelphia devotes from one
to three pages to an account of the game.
When the University of Chicago plays Mich-
igan, Wisconsin, Northwestern or any of the
larger Middle-West institutions, the *Tribune*
and *Record-Herald* have long, well-written
stories of the game, and supplemented by
diagrams. When any of the colleges around
New York or Boston play, the games are
well handled by the Eastern papers. The
papers not only give satisfactory reports that
make good reading, but of colleges situated
in cities, take as for instance Pennsylvania,
Chicago and Columbia, they are staunch
supporters.

Here in St. Louis is Washington Univer-
sity; a university which, last year, received
a larger bequest than any other university in
the country; a university that is putting up
buildings, the finest of their kind; a uni-
versity that is bound to become the educa-
tional center of the Mississippi Valley and
the South-West; and, above all, a university
that has done more for purity of athletics in
and about St. Louis than any institution sup-
porting amateur athletics. And yet when
we glance at the sporting sheets of our great
(?) dailies on a Sunday morning, what do we
find? Washington University is accorded
perhaps one-half of a column. The account
is always poorly written and full of state-
ments that show the writer to be densely
ignorant on a subject supposedly his spe-
cialty. This would be in itself bad enough.
But we find as a sporting editor of one of our
dailies a man who cannot, even in his editor-
ial capacity, forget his personal malice.
During the week he devotes much space to
the doings of preparatory schools and agri-
cultural colleges, while he ignores Washing-
ton University completely. When he reports
a game he is unjust to a high degree. He
accuses our men of slugging, when the accu-
sation has no foundation. And cheering,
such as St. Louis has never heard before,
the outbursts of genuine enthusiasm, he
characterizes as vulgar and profane. How
long is he to be permitted to print such rot?

Washington University is making a stren-
uous effort to give St. Louisans good sport
in the shape of pure athletics. We ask the
citizens to recognize the effort we are making;
to accord us the support that other cities
grant their universities. And, above all, we
ask the papers to work with us, by giving us
fair and equitable treatment.

Half-Back.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick,
Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to in-
form his friends that he is now connected
with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile
Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

THE MEANS AND THE END.

I send you roses—red, like love,
And white, like death, sweet friend:
Born in your bosom to rejoice,
Languish, and pine, the end.

If the white roses tell of death,
Let the red roses mend
The talk with true stories of love
Unchanging to the end.

Red and white roses, love and death—
What else is left to send?
For what is life but love, the means,
And death, dear heart, the end?
W. E. Henley, in *North American Review*.



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MUSIC.

OPERA AT MUSIC HALL.

Here's an opportunity! A home company began a season of opera at Music Hall, Monday evening—opera of the best sort, presented in an altogether acceptable manner. This affords an opportunity for the loyal St. Louisan to disprove the oft-repeated assertion that he will not support a worthy musical enterprise. Sufficient support will insure a long season and prosperity will enable the management to be liberal in the manner of the presentation of the various operas.

The Southwell Opera Company is as fine a lyric organization as can be found in this country and the Messrs. Southwell and Jannopoulos have every reason to expect substantial encouragement from the press and public.

"La Gioconda," Ponchielli's greatest opera, is the work selected to introduce the new company. It is a marvelous work. The score is an unusual and remarkable creation, inasmuch as it persistently and consistently abounds in fine opportunities for soloists, chorus and orchestra. The Italian coloring pervades and predominates to an alluring degree and the musical action is, if anything, more intense than the sinisterly dramatic text of the librettist.

From a popular standpoint "La Gioconda," because of the mellifluous melodies, soli and concerted, cannot but obtain a tenacious hold upon the general public. Ponchielli has ever something to communicate and he

does it with an originality, spontaneity, verve and force, a regard for detail and ensemble, an appreciation of color and contrast which make "La Gioconda" one of the most fascinating, beautiful and intrinsically worthy inspirations, of its class, known to the musical world to-day.

The performance Monday night was a wonderfully smooth one, for a first night. Liesegang conducted enthusiastically, and held a large chorus and his orchestra forces under good control.

The principals, each and every one, were up to the mark, and, in some cases, far above it.

Achille Alberti, an Italian baritone, was most auspiciously introduced to the St. Louis public in the role of *Barnaba*, a spy of the Inquisition. The character musically and histrionically dominates throughout the opera with a force as tensely and forbiddingly strange as it is ominously alluring. Sig. Alberti is an artist. We have heard many finer voices, but this baritone, because of his magnetic temperament, fine appreciation of effect, nicety of detail, finesse, and agreeable personality, must ever remain a unique and compelling figure on the operatic stage. In the big monologue of the first act, a most exacting scene, Alberti was significantly impressive and convincing, as he was also in the barcarolle of act second, one of the most effective solos in the opera. Alberti's success throughout was unequivocal.

Anna Lichter, the *Gioconda* of Monday, is a first class prima donna. She has presence and voice, and sings and conducts herself with the ease and aplomb possible only to the capable, well-routined opera singer. The Lichter voice is brilliant, telling and pleasant, best in the upper register, but effective throughout. The plump soprano, judging by her performance of Monday, bids fair to become even more popular with her audiences than the beloved Trevilles, Berris and Norwoods who have preceded her.

Frances Graham, always to be depended on, was the satisfying *Cieca* of the first night. Graham's cello-like chest tones were much in evidence and aroused the usual enthusiasm. She acted and sang very well indeed, and made the short but important role of the blind woman stand out strongly.

To Harold Gordon, the Boston tenor, one of the youngest singers now prominently behind the footlights, was entrusted the first performance of the romantic character of the lover and Genoese nobleman, *Enzo*. Gordon's personality is one of attractive and unpretentious modesty. There is an almost incredible and altogether refreshing dearth of tenoristic inference in manner and bearing, and he regards his work and its opportunities with a quiet dignity and earnestness which are strongly suggestive of distinguished stellar possibilities for the future. The young tenor has a luscious voice, rich, full and sweet, with high notes of astonishing beauty. His enunciation in its lucidity is a joy, and his musical interpretation is as legitimate as it is effective and contenting. One can accuse Mr. Gordon of nothing more culpable than youth, and that, after all, is not so heinous an offense, for it carries with it a compensating and ingenious simplicity, vigor and intensity that, in this instance, must inevitably be, eventually, synonymous with a maturity of poise and routine.

William H. Clarke, the big-voiced basso, in this opera, makes the most of his several opportunities.

Eugenie Barker, a mezzo soprano, with a strong, clear voice, who sang *Laura*, promises

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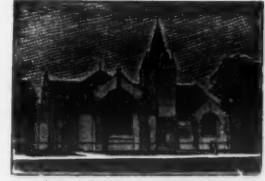
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Ferdinando Avedona assumed the tenor role.

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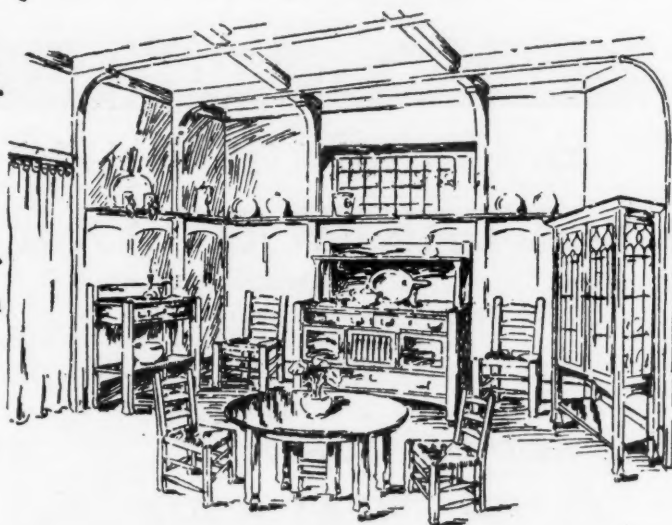
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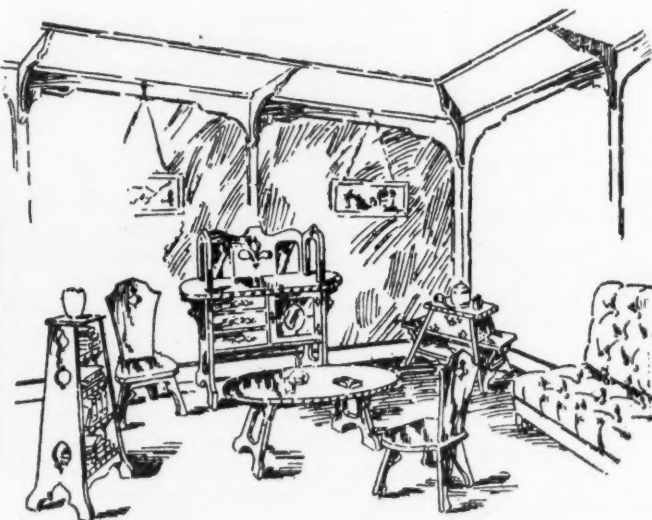
English Elm.
Congo Wood.
Italian Walnut.
Australian Plum
East Indian
Mahogany.
Pollard Oak.



A DINING ROOM. Mission style, weathered oak. The furniture illustrated is known as "The Mission Furniture." The style was first suggested from an old chair taken from one of the Spanish churches in Lower California, known as Mission. It is made of oak, stained a gray brown (weathered oak), which gives the same look of age that long exposure and weathering might do. The wax finish imparts a beautiful dull sheen. Its simplicity is its salient feature. It is furniture that is made to last, and combines comfort with utility.

SOME New Finishes

Weathered Oak
Silicified Ash.
Moss Green Ash
Verd Ash.
Tulip Red Ash.
Waxed
Mahogany.



A DEN. Dutch style, silicified ash. The furniture illustrated is selected from our collection of that new and interesting treatment of native ash known as "silicified." This new staining imparts to the wood a beautiful deep color, yet showing the strong grain. The style is purely Dutch. The trimmings of pewter and old iron together with the antique leather give the pieces an effect all their own, reflecting the art of the designer and the hand of the craftsman.

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A SPECIALTY.

He is a heroic tenor, with tremendous ringing upper tones which he employs freely, and he acts with Italian ferocity.

Mary Linck was the blind mother of *La Gioconda*. Her voice was in fine condition—better than ever—and in song and action she displayed the dramatic intensity that made her work so impressive two seasons ago.

Harry Luckstone was the surprise of the evening. *Barnaba* is an extremely difficult role and, after Albert's superb performance on the opening night, one could not but be apprehensive that he would suffer by comparison. However, this was not the case.

Luckstone is a very clever man and never loses an opportunity to make telling "points." He was immensely effective in the trying scene in the first act and gave the barcarolle with inspiring dash. Vocally he has never been so strong as he is at present.

Frida Ricci, a conscientious singer, with a voice capable of enthusing the high-C-loving public, sang the title role.

The chorus was even better than at the first performance. It is by all odds the strongest and best looking chorus heard here with any similar organization. Taken all in all, the Southwell Opera Company is the best English Opera Company we have heard in this city.
The Lounge:

GERMAN MUSICAL FARCE.

Leon Treptow's musical farce, "Jaeger-Liebchen," presented to a large audience Sunday evening, at the pretty, little Germania Theater, is an excellent example of what a musical farce may be. Mr. Heine-mann and Miss Bergere did some very fine work and merited the hearty applause they received. Freidrich Schiller's "Don Carlos," presented Wednesday evening, was produced in the usual high class manner that characterizes all of Messrs. Heine-mann & Welb's performances. Next week, on Sunday the 24th, the great comedy play, with sparkling music, "Der Verschwender," by Ferdinand Raimund, will be the offering.

"Die Beiden Leonoren," (The Two Leonoras) Paul Lindau's prize comedy, is underlined for Wednesday, November 27.

THE NORDICA RECITAL.

On Monday evening, December 9, Mme. Nordica will give a song recital in the Odeon, assisted by Katherine Fisk, the well-known contralto, and Mr. E. Romaine Simmons, pianist. Mme. Nordica will be heard in ten different selections ranging from a simple ballad and folk-song to a grand concert aria. Mrs. Fisk is too well known in St. Louis to need any introduction to its musical public. This will be the only opportunity to hear her this season. Mr. Simmons is a finished pianist and one of the best accompanists in the world.

THE STOCK MARKET.



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Over ten thousand (5000) are in daily use in St. Louis. Each and every one of these is giving good satisfaction.
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The bull crowd in Wall street claims it is disappointed. Owing to the announcement, some days ago, that the Morgan-Hill-Harriman factions had settled their difficulties in the Northwest, the impression began to spread that prices would experience a decisive and more than temporary rise, and that the "dear public" would once more allow itself to be duped and relieve the syndicates of their holdings of high-priced stocks. While there was a little advance in anticipation of the settlement, stocks did not display any marked, real strength. Professionalism was too much in evidence to deceive close observers. Even the surprising gains in the prices of traction and coal stocks did not dispel suspicions of strong, clever manipulation. It is likely that the market would have responded better to the news of peace in the railroad world, had not sterling exchange taken a jump and reached a level which made additional gold exports profitable. Almost \$5,500,000 more of the yellow metal left our shores last week, and still sterling remains strong. It can hardly be doubted that another big amount will be shipped during the current week. Current estimates are that the total export movement will reach \$20,000,000. New York bankers continue to speak in their usual reassuring manner regarding this phase of the situation. They have to, in order to prevent a scare and a killing of the goose that lays the golden eggs. The Wall street banker is a shrewd creature, and an opportunist. His statements are always influenced by a desire to get good returns on his funds and, therefore, not to be taken at their face value.

Foreigners are evidently badly in need of gold. They are recalling loans made to us last spring, when speculation was rife and rampant and the consolidation fever running riot. The situation abroad, especially in France and England, is growing worse. It is, therefore, not surprising that financiers are growing tired of the war in South Africa, and gradually losing courage, in spite of the cynical optimism of Salisbury and the brutally hopeful predictions of Chamberlain. Two years ago, the Premier used to say that England "will muddle through somehow." They are still "muddling" and Kitchener's grind appears to be as endless as ever. New British loans are certain to be made in the near future; consols refuse to go up; South African mining shares go a-begging, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is at his wits' end. The longer the war lasts, the worse it will be for every nation in Europe, and, indirectly, for us. Reference to this matter has often been made in these columns; yet the theme does not grow stale; it is as vital and as important as ever.

The Northern Securities Company, which is to be the nucleus of the Northwestern railroad world hereafter, and to take over the shares of subsidiary lines, has a capital of \$400,000,000. The financing of the deal will lay an additional burden upon an already overstrained money market, although it may, in the end, as promised by interested financiers, lead to very decided relief and an abundance of fresh funds for speculative purposes. Between the monetary requirements from this side and gold exports to Europe, the market is between the upper and nether millstone, notwithstanding the return flow of currency from the interior and disbursements by the Treasury. The cliques are very numerous; they are heavily loaded with stocks they wish to sell; they need money very badly, and the public still

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more. As soon as the money market becomes easier, and present dangers disappear, the upward movement may be expected to be resumed with great energy. Wall street knows only too well that it requires a sharp and steady advance and great activity to attract the public, and that a genuine bull movement is somewhat out of place at the present time.

The industrial stocks are acting in a very disappointing manner to holders. Sugar, Amalgamated, U. S. Steel, Colorado F. & Iron, Tennessee Coal & Iron, Glucose and the rest of the bunch are very tame in their movements. Speculators are disposed to keep aloof from them, and to handle them very gingerly. They realize that, if there is to be a reaction in business, or if it is already under way, industrials will be the first to feel the effects of it. The recently published monthly statement of exports and

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Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 -103
Park " 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	108 -110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110 -111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102 3/4 -103
" " 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104 -105 1/4
" " 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102 3/4 -103
" " 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111 -112
" " 3 1/2	F. A.	June 1, 1919	104 -105
" " 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" " 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -108
" " 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/2 -108 1/2
" " 4 (Gld)	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/2 -110
" " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" " 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -105
" " 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102 1/2 -103 1/2

Interest to seller.
Total debt about.....\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.			
Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/4 -105 1/4
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102 -104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104 -106
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	104 -106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105 -107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104 -106
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101 -103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105 -105 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95 -100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg	1928	105 1/2 -106
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 1/2 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 1/2 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -114 1/2
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	94 - 95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 --
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95 - 95 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	89 1/2 - 90 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 90
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 1/2 -105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 -104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 8 SA	300 -302
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 5 1/2 SA	225 -226
Bremen Sav.	100	Oct. 1901 6 SA	265 -270
Continental	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	257 -258
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	300 -312
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	289 -295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	311 -302
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Sept. 1901 1 1/2 qy	145 -150
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3 p.c. SA	165 -180
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 5 SA	525 -575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	262 -265
Merch.-Laclede	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	238 -239
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	334 -335
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	121 -123
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	138 -142
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8 SA	110 -115
State National	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2 qy	217 -219
Third National	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	238 -240

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	349 -350
Lincoln	100	Oct. '01, S.A. 3	291 -292
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '01, 2 1/2 qy	465 -467
St. Louis	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	343 -345
Title Trust	100		148 -150
Union	100	Nov. '08, 8	372 -375
Mercantile	100	Nov. '01 1, Mo.	424 -426
Missouri Trust	100		143 -144

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 1/2 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109 -108 1/2
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116 -116 1/2
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -116 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 --
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100 1/4 -101 1/4
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102 -103
do Baden-St. L. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105 -105 1/2
St. L. & Sub.	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1916 115 -115 1/2
do Cable & Wt. 6s	F. & A.	1921 105 -105 1/2
do Merimac Rv. 6s	J. & D.	1918 121 -122
do Incomes 5s	Oct. '01 1 1/2	88 1/2 - 88 1/2
Southern 1st 6s	J & J	90 1/2 - 91
do 2d 25s 6s		30 1/2 - 30 1/2
do Gen. Mfg. 5s		
U. D. 25s 6s		
United Ry's Pfd.		
" 4 p.c. 50s		
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	207 - 212

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		15 - 16
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	46 - 47
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2	27 - 28
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	84 - 85
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150 -160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	4 --
Central Lead Co.	100	Oct. 1901, 1/2 MO.	128 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1901 1	18 - 20
Doe Run Min. Co	100	July 1901, 1/2 MO	128 -130
Granite Bi-Metal	100		297 -300
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	June 1901, 1	85 - 90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	45 - 48
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901 A. 10	110 -115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901 SA 3 1/2	107 -110
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	94 1/2 - 95 1/2
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	June 1901 SA	101 -102
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		50 1/2 - 58
Mo. Edison com.	100		1 1/2 - 20
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1 1/2 qy	100 -101
Schultz Belting	100	July '01 qy 1 1/2	97 -101
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Feb., 1901, 8 A	161 -165
Simmons do pfd.	100	Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	139 -142
Simmons do 2 pfd.	100	Mar. 1901 4 S.A.	140 -147
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2 qy	17 1/2 - 20
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	61 - 68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	43 - 44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	2 - 5
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	72 - 75
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	135 -145
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '01, 2 qy	220 -240
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, qy	173 -174
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7 1/2	48 1/2 - 50
" Coupler		Consolidated	

imports, for October, proved a very disappointing showing. Our imports are growing and our exports falling off, and that at a very marked ratio. This somewhat explains the persistent firmness of foreign exchange. Commercial bills are too scarce, owing to the decline in the export movement of merchandise; the demand for them is so strong, that it is more profitable to ship gold, and pay our foreign creditors in cash.

The sharp advance in Reading issues, especially the common stock, was predicated upon what was mentioned here about three weeks ago, namely the strong probability of an increase in the dividend on Jersey Central. As the Reading holds nearly all of the outstanding J. C. stock, it is easy to understand that it would be benefited very handsomely by enlarged distributions. The Reading Co. is in a prosperous condition, owing to higher prices of anthracite coal and the gradual elimination of competition. All three classes of stock will do to buy on any and all concessions in value.

The Erie issues did not sympathize in the strength displayed by Reading. Erie common gained only about a point, although transactions were rather heavy. It is to be inferred that the pool does not consider this an auspicious time for organizing a bull movement in Morgan's special pets, but that these shares will have an important rise before a great while is a foregone conclusion. The earnings of the Erie show large gains from month to month; the company is earning at the rate of 4 per cent. on the common, after setting aside the full 4 per cent. on both classes of preferred stock. The first preferred should be a safe purchase for investment at present prices, as it will surely be placed on a full 4 per cent. basis in January.

Ontario & Western is being "buled" by some interests who appear to be exceedingly anxious to get rid of a heavy load. Rumors are current that the property will be absorbed by either the New York Central or some other important road. Somebody will have to absorb it, according to the theories of bulls on O. & W. stock. Judging by the company, the stock is dear at 35. Without these stories of an absorption, nobody would care to buy it at the present level. The bonded debt is heavy, and so is the capitalization. The road is being steadily improved, of course, and making a creditable showing in revenues at the present time, but the prospect of dividends on the stock, during the next two years, is exceedingly slim.

Union Pacific common, after showing great stamina, relapsed sharply. It is now selling about 104 1/4 and 105. There is still an extensive short interest in the stock, but it is likely that the bulls will be lenient with the bruins, in view of the monetary situation, and let them out with their skins intact. Sentiment on Union Pacific is very mixed. Some enthusiasts predict that the shares will eventually sell at 150 again, as they used to do many years ago, while chronic bears adhere to the idea that they

are a gold brick at present quotations. Friends of Harriman are openly and aggressively bullish; they point to the large earnings of the road, its various valuable assets and its victory in the struggle with the Morgan-Hill faction, which will redound to very material, pecuniary profit to the Union Pacific. On the other hand, the fact should not be overlooked that the fixed charges, ahead of dividends, have been heavily increased in the past year.

N. B. Since writing the above, there have been further gold shipments, bringing the grand total up to almost \$18,000,000. This, together with threats by the Governor of Minnesota to prevent the Northwestern railroad deal, have inspired the bears to fresh efforts, and resulted in lower prices.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The boom in Missouri Trust shares continues. The price has risen to 145, and the buying demand shows no let up. New blood is to be infused into the concern, the surplus is to be increased, and the management is expected to be more aggressive and up-to-date. According to current rumors, the stock will soon hover around 200. Of course, there is a good deal of speculative craze in this sudden and remarkable rise, but this cannot obscure the fact that some of the buying has been by very substantial and prominent interests.

Granite-Bimetallic advanced to 3.15. Around that level, there was again heavy selling. The stock came out in big blocks, and this caused a dip to 3.05, at which the stock is now quoted. Friends of the stock continue to predict higher prices, but there is considerable suspicion extant that it is all manipulation. There was a revival of the ancient story of the long-lost vein having been discovered again in the mines.

Street railway issues have been singularly quiet of late. Transit is firm at 30 1/4 bid, 31 asked. Neither buyers nor sellers appear to be willing to budge. United Railways preferred is strong at 88 1/2, but in somewhat less demand. The 4 per cent bonds, after a sudden display of strength, are weakening again.

The lighting issues remain dormant. There is nothing doing in either Missouri-Edison or Laclede Gas. Bulls on these shares recommend patience; they are confident that something will soon develop which will permit many weary holders of Missouri-Edison to crawl out of the bad hole in which they have found themselves in the past two years.

Bank and Trust Company stocks, with the exception above noted, were dull, but steady in price. Lincoln Trust weakened a little on few sales, but there is no uneasiness among holders. The stock is regarded as a good purchase at 291. American Exchange is strong at 300; Title Guarantee Trust is 145 bid, 148 asked. New Mercantile is 425 bid, and Union Trust 373 1/4 bid, 375 asked. Sentiment on these share is mixed. Many believe they are altogether too high at current prices, and that a break cannot be avoided. Others declare that the top has not yet been seen. Judging by dividend payments, there is little inducement to buy for investment, although it may be different, if one is disposed to "load up" for a gamble.

Last week's bank clearances in St. Louis broke all previous record, reaching a total of over \$53,000,000. Money is steady, and in fair supply. Sterling exchange is higher, and quoted at 4.88 1/4. Drafts on New York in demand and rising.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

.. CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$7,000,000 ..

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BELL MAIN 48.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Beginning Sunday, November 24, Mr. James O'Neill will appear, at the Century Theater, in the dramatization of Alexander Dumas' famous novel, "Count of Monte Cristo." Mr. O'Neill has been, for years, so closely associated in the public mind with the character of Edmund Dantes, that little need be said about either the play or the player. This season, however, the management, Mr. Liebler and Co., introduce new and elaborate scenic effects which have hitherto not been employed in the drama's production. The scene of the second act shows the Chateau d'If, the fortress prison on the sea's edge, where Dantes is confined for seventeen years, from which he makes his escape by being thrown into the sea, as a supposed corpse, during a storm. This storm scene, which was arranged by Carl Mayerhoffer, is said to be one of the most realistic ever devised. Another fine scene, and one which has been greatly admired, is that which represents the ball-room and conservatory of the Hotel de Morcerf. The warm tones of the vari-colored marbles and the rare plants are said to form a veritable symphony of harmonious color decorations. The last act, a magnificent snow scene, is reported to be one of the handsomest ever painted by the scenic artist, Mr. Ernest Gros. Mr. O'Neill's company is, with one or two minor changes, the same which played with him during a run of three months at the Academy of Music in New York.

The second week of grand opera, at Music Hall, under Mr. Southwell's direction offers "Il Trovatore" and "Lucia di Lammermoor." The best talent of the company will appear in both operas. After the success of the organization in its presentation of the very difficult "La Gioconda," it is reasonable to suppose that the two familiar works will be given a thoroughly artistic presentation. The cast for "Trovatore" includes Anna Lichters as Leonora; Mary Link as Azucena; Ferdinando Avedano as Manrico; William Schuster as Ferrando and Mr. Achille Alberti as the Count di Luna. In "Lucia" Miss Frida Ricci will sing the title role, Miss Eugenie Barker has the maid; Mr. Harold Gordon sings Edgardo; Mr. Wm. H. Clarke sings Bide-the-Bent; Mr. Harry Luckstone has the character of Sir Henry Ashton and Mr. Charles Tallmann, a newcomer, will sing Sir Arthur Bucklaw. The two operas will receive a vocal and instrumental interpretation seldom, if ever, equalled at the price and far exceeding that of former efforts under previous Music Hall management. Following these two works "Aida," in a great scenic revival, is underscored for the third week, after which a novelty will be put on.

"A Summer Rehearsal" which opened the performance at the Standard this week, and which contained the entire Ramblers' cast, was well received. There are a number of pretty girls in the chorus who know how to sing and dance, if not up to most artistic standard, still with a verve and sprightliness that pleased the patrons of that play house immensely. The olio contains some excellent numbers which received enthusiastic applause. One of the "turns" was especially unique; the Lutz brothers, performed such wonderful tricks with their feet as hitting the mark with a rifle, sawing wood and driving nails. Major sisters in a boxing buck dance were clever. Wolf and Milton, in comedy acrobatics; Gus and Maud Sohlkes, in songs and dances; the Bijou Four, in comicalities; and Scanlon and Stevens in a skit called "Pocahontas," were among other good features on the programme. Sam Devere's "Own Company" is underlined for next week.

Superfluous hairs, moles etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Electrical facial massage for wrinkles, pimples and flabby skin. Mrs. Myra Field, 347 Century Building. Branch of New York Office.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has just placed on its through trains, between Cincinnati, Louisville, Birmingham and New Orleans, a number of new dining cars which surpass anything in elegance and comfort ever effected by this always up-to-date company. This handsome equipment will doubtless be thoroughly appreciated by the company's many regular patrons as well as tourists who travel less extensively.

~ LATEST DESIGNS ~

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The Mobile and Ohio Railroad Company, ever on the progressive and ever considerate of the comfort of its patrons, has recently established a daily Pullman buffet drawing-room sleeping car service between St. Louis and New Orleans and St. Louis and Jacksonville, Florida. This innovation will doubtless prove a great boon to winter tourists.

Kitty—"My dressmaker says it is such a pleasure to fit a gown to me." Edith—"Considers it a sort of artistic triumph, I suppose? The true artist delights in difficulties."—*Boston Transcript.*



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MILLS & AVERILL.

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BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.



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THIS WEEK,

THE RAMBLERS.

NEXT WEEK,

Sam Devere's Own Company.

MUSIC HALL,

SOUTHWELL OPERA CO.,

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All This Week,
Punchielli's

LA GIOCONDA.

Grand Opera—Great Principals—Chorus of Fifty—New Scenery.

NEXT WEEK—On Alternate Nights,

IL TROVATORE AND LUCIA.

POPULAR PRICES—Eves., \$1 00 to 25c, Wed. mat., 25c & 50c, Sat. mat., 25, 50, 75c.

ODEON—SUNDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Direction
ALFRED G. ROBYN

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3:30.

NEXT SUNDAY—JOHN E. WEST'S THANKSGIVING CANTATA,
SEED TIME AND HARVEST. With Full Chorus.

Admission to all parts of the house, 25 Cents.

OLYMPIC CENTURY

THIS WEEK,
No Sunday Performances.

Klaw & Erlanger's

stupendous production
Gen. Lew Wallace's

Ben Hur

Dramatized by William Young. Music by Edgar Stillman Kelley. Staged by Ben Teal. Evenings at 8 precisely Wed. and Sat. Mats. at 2 precisely.

NEXT MONDAY,
second week,
No Sunday Performances.

Klaw & Erlanger's

stupendous production
Gen. Lew Wallace's

BEN-HUR

Dramatized by William Young. Music by Edgar Stillman Kelley. Staged by Ben Teal. Evenings at 8 precisely Wed. and Sat. Mats. at 2 precisely.

Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day.

THIS WEEK,

The Four Cohans

IN

"The Governor's Son"

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY

MR. JAMES

O'NEILL

In Liebler & Co.'s Superb Scenic Production,

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Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day.

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GERMANIA THEATER.

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SUNDAY, Nov. 24—The Great Comedy Play,

with Sparkling Music,

"DER VERSCHWENDER."

By Ferdinand Raimund.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27,

Paul Lindau's Prize Comedy,

DIE BEIDEN LEONOREN.

Reserved Seats and Dozen tickets at box office,

Germania Theatre.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,

A. J. CRAWFORD,

TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE STAGE VILLAIN.

Under the painted canvas-tree
The wicked villain stands,
With blue-black whiskers on his face
In coarse and shining strands,
And gleaming daggers tensely held
In both his sinewy hands.

His record's bad, and black, and long,
He's "wanted" everywhere.
Detectives crack are on his track,
Yet never find his lair,
Until, just as the curtain falls,
They land on him for fair.

Act in, act out, he maims and slays,
And lies, and robs, and steals;
He sneaks along with dagger drawn
Behind the hero's heels.
And yet no crime, however foul,
His purpose dark reveals.

The children coming home from school
(A millionaire's, of course.)
He gags and binds and carries off
Upon a charging horse,
And, though they howl, and plead, and wail,
He never shows remorse.

In fact, he says but little, save
When some deep plan is spoiled,
When some bold hero lands the girl
For whom the villain toiled.
He growls between his close clenched
teeth
In awful accents: "F-f-f-foiled!"

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And prays both loud and long,
And lifts his large and deep bass voice
In spiritual song,
For playing the church-member dodge
Is where he most is strong.

Killing, destroying, embezzling,
Through every act he goes.
Each moment sees some new-formed plan
To add to human woes,
Something attempted, something done,
Has foiled his many foes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
No longer will we lack
The means to trace a villain down
And catch him in his track.
We'll stright pursue all deep-voiced men
Whose whiskers are blue-black!
J. J. Montague, in the Portland Oregonian.

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the
E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and
is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery
department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mer-
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the only man in his business who ever talked
business to J. Pierpont Morgan, remarked
the other day: "I could more easily see the
hundred hardest men in the country than
do it again. Never mind how I did it. I
walked in on Morgan at the office one day
and stated my business. 'How did you get
in here?' said he. 'I walked in,' said I.
'Well, walk out,' said he. I did."

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A POET'S EVASION.

The hymn "Lead Kindly Light," which has been sung so generally in connection with the funeral services of the late President, has in its last two lines a reference which has aroused considerable speculation. The lines are

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost a while.

In 1880, according to the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, Dr. Greenhill, of Hastings, wrote to the author, Cardinal Newman, concerning the apparent allusion in these lines to some personal experience, and received the following reply:

"THE ORATORY, January, 18, 1880.
"MY DEAR DR. GREENHILL: You flatter me by your question, but I think it was Keble who, when asked in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written, and though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitations for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when homesick or seasick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

"Yours most truly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN."

THE SHELL

I am a Shell out of the Asian sea,

But my sad Pearl is gone,
Risen to be goddess—Venus green is she,
And I cast up alone.

Yet some night shall her brilliance stoop and
take

Unto her ear this shell,
And hear the whisper of her own heart—
break . . .

All that I serve to tell.

Herbert Trench.

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.

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FREE It costs nothing to investigate. Write for FREE booklet and testimonials. Dermatino Co., Dept. A-8, St. Louis, Mo.



Sonnets to a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey.

The *New York Times Saturday Review* is a publication the utterances of which are authoritative because uninfluenced by advertising or personal friendship for authors. Its book reviews are noted for their honesty of judgment, not less than for their literary excellence. This is what the *New York Times Saturday Review* of August 10th, 1901, says of "Sonnets To A Wife" by Ernest McGaffey:

IT is not at all easy to explain the nature of a successful sonnet. There is something subtle in the essence of this form, yet it is by no means difficult to recognize a good sonnet. These are indeed few, for the sonnet is the most inexorable form of poetry. To put into the unalterable arrangement of the fourteen lines a thought that shall justify its expression in this form and justify the form at the same time is not given to every one who has a faculty in other verse patterns. If the occasional sonneteer succeeds rarely, he who sets out to write a series of sonnets, addressed to one person and following one line of experience, will certainly make failures.

Of course, the reader will at once recall the wonderful "Sonnets from the Portuguese" of Mrs. Browning, but this series stands to-day as the single successful example of its kind. Petrarch's sonnets to his beloved Laura were not written in a formal series, and it must be recollected that he did not confine himself to this one form in praising his adored one. Shakespeare's sonnets were also written apparently without direct connection. So it must be admitted that when Mr. Ernest McGaffey wrote "Sonnets To A Wife," he undertook no light task. In a volume containing more than three-score sonnets, all addressed to one person, even though that person be a wife for whom the writer cherishes a beautiful love, there are sure to be some pretty poor specimens. Mr. McGaffey has undertaken to touch upon every phase and exfoliation of his adoration, with all its corollaries, and of course, he has fallen into some deep pitfalls.

But if his valleys are profound, his mountains are correspondingly lofty. We are not acquainted with other work of this author, who, we fancy, has made himself known through the columns of the newspapers of this city. We do not know how large or how long has been his training in the molding of English into the highest forms of expression. It seems fair to judge from his work that he has had less experience as a poet than as a lover. He has been bent on making known the depth and the breadth of his passion rather than on mastering all the technic of verse. But he has occasionally found perfect expression for some tender and beautiful thoughts, and he has, therefore, written some sonnets which deserve to live. Here is one entitled "Recollections":

To conjure up old memories; to say
"Do you remember that in such a June
An orchard oriole sang to us a tune
Melodiously from out a branching spray
Of leafy denseness; or on such a day
We saw the silver spectre of the moon
Long after dawn and nearing unto noon,
A merest wraith of sickle gaunt and gray?"

These are love's echoes faintly heard and fine,
But ever present, never dim nor mute,
That you and I in comradeship do share;
Sweet symphonies that breathe a sense divine,
Like misty chords that linger by a lute,
Though all the silver strings are shattered there.

In the book the word "to" is omitted from the third line, but Mr. McGaffey's ear is so true that we are sure that he never wrote the line without the word, and consequently have supplied it. The man who wrote that sonnet is a genuine poet, no matter if he failed with some of the others. And there are other sonnets quite as good as "Recollections," while happy lines and luminous phrases are sown prodigally through the handsomely printed pages. This little volume will be a dear companion to all who know the loveliness of love, to all who can appreciate the voicing of the best emotions that come to a man's heart. Women will find joy in its pages, for they set forth the kind of worship for which every woman craves. It may be that Mr. McGaffey will not again find inspiration to move his muse to such fine songs, but he may rest happy in the assurance that by these sonnets—at least those which show him at his best—he has earned a right to be classed among the most sincere and tender of our recent singers.

The book reviewed above is printed on hand-made paper, bound in white paper-vellum over boards and inserted in a slide case. It was printed in the office of the St. Louis MIRROR and is a model of chaste typography and all-around artistic book-making. It contains a foreword by the editor and proprietor of the MIRROR and it has been the most successful book of verse ever issued West of the Mississippi River.

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To the South



WITH the Autumn months the tide of travel sets Southward. Many who contemplate journeys to Texas, the Southwest and Mexico put off their starting until the approach of cooler weather. Therefore it is not out of line to suggest the merits of a trip through the Ozarks en route to any of the above localities. The air and scenery are superb, and can be enjoyed to the full from the library observation cars operated via the



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